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The Northwest



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Under the Bunkers.
On the Eve of Battle.

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THE NORTHWEST

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BY LAND AND WATER TO THE QUEEN'S LAND.

Doubtless we have all experienced certain seasons of susceptibility when our impression of the things we enjoyed were so vivid, so lasting that they have haunted us ever since; while perhaps they have been so new to us, so apart from our ordinary prosy lives of care, that they seem to us in the after days to be but dreams, all unreal and impossible. As fair a land for dreaming dreams and reveling in nature's beauties as one could dare to wish for is that about Puget Sound. The towering, rugged mountain ranges; the dense forests, rearing their lofty tree-tops far towards the heavens; the broad, mirror-surfaced lakes; the peaceful brooks and raging river-torrents, and the gorgeous flowers that are seen everywhere in reckless profusion, are things to inspire many a fond dream and make one more akin to the sweet spirits of the air.

I was a happy stroller about this region some months ago—not yet so distant that the experience has lost any of its glamour or become simply a memory; for I seem often to be tracing anew my delightful wanderings about the cities of Seattle, Tacoma and Victoria, and the waterways of the beautiful Sound.

Possibly it depends somewhat upon the individual and the preparatory conditions which attend him, either by way of anticipation or a disposition to be pleased, whether there be a rose-colored haze of beauty upon everything seen or not. If I had been in need of any such preparation before entering this enchanted land, I had had ample opportunity to become attuned to all lovely, inspiring influences in the journey across the Rockies and the Cascades. The engines labored up those wild, somber mountains with their load of human freight, and circled round about them or tunneled through them in a way that was amazing and made me feel that the stupendous creation

of the glorious mountain ranges was scarcely more wonderful than the construction of the road, which was made possible by the God-given intellect and skill of man. I recall, too, how, just at twilight, we came upon that marvelously fantastic Lake Pend' Oreille, which the train followed for miles, and how all the passengers in the sleeper suddenly ceased their talking and only gazed from the windows, drinking in the loveliness without as we rolled along close to the glistening water, where the pretty trees and flowering bushes cast their shadows in our faces and tossed their delicate perfumes into our almost intoxicated senses; or across a long trestle, with the water underneath and all around us; then over a stretch of meadow, thinking we had lost the lake, but in a moment coming upon it again as alluring as ever, while high above us, and sheltering us from the world outside, were the pine-covered mountain peaks, with the sky overhead still golden with the light from the departed sun! Was it any wonder that the hush of the evening stole into our hearts and that we had no words for each other except the whisper of admiration and rapture?

Of the cities of the Sound—Seattle and Tacoma, the two rivals, many tourists have written; of their advantages for business, their fine streets and cable systems, their beautiful residence localities, their splendid hotels and stores, their accommodations for shipping of all kinds, their beautiful parks and lakes, their churches and schools, their abundance of produce and cheapness of living, their healthful climate and their social, hospitable atmosphere and freedom from caste; and one needs to spend only a few months within their portals to find it all true and to see that they have a prosperous future before them,—being convinced, at the same time, that for genuine pleasure in outings and

recreations there is no locality like the Sound Country.

If we were always situated so as to suit our fancies and master our environments, it would be worth one's while to move to the Coast just for the sake of the roses. I never had had enough of them, and it was a perfect joy to me to have my arms full of the fragrant blossoms and to be able to cut them for myself and handle them and bury my face in them! No matter when or where I saw the lovely flower-gardens, I always gazed longingly at the wealth of roses. Upon the desk in front of me just now I have a bowl of our hot-house roses; but, though they are dear, they are not like the glorious roses of the Coast, where they are so abundant that even the lowliest and poorest people can have all the roses they want. No sooner had I stepped off the train at Seattle than I noticed the roses that every little newsboy had tucked in his button-hole; and afterward, in riding to the outskirts of the city and back on the car-lines, I was struck with the quantities of roses that the laboring man, the little child, that everybody, in fact, carried. The people that have them are so lavishly generous with them; it fairly melts your heart to see the beautiful things freely given away to any and everybody. It seems to add a little to that common brotherhood which we read about.

Just now I recall my first experience in being presented with a bunch of roses by a stranger. I was visiting in the suburbs out beyond Lake Union, where the locality is not too thickly populated for ease in breathing and where there are a good many lots and blocks still vacant, except for the quantities of ferns or brakes and shrubs that cover every spot of unoccupied ground in the city. The evening after my arrival I strolled out about sunset and climbed a little knoll, gathering ferns and get-



MT. RAINIER FROM LAKE WASHINGTON, NEAR SEATTLE.

"They say it is sixty miles away, yet it seems so near that you fancy you can hear the roar of the avalanches of ice and snow."

ting, at the same time, a fine view of the lake and a portion of the city. On my way I passed a magnificent garden, beautifully laid out and seemingly at its height of glory. There were so many beds of great rose-bushes,—varieties that I had never seen,—and I could but linger along the fence and look and yearn for them, not dreaming that I was observed. But after I had tired of walking and had rested awhile on a big stump, feasting my eyes meanwhile on the scene about me, I came slowly down the path into the street. As I reached the gate opening from this wonderful garden, my thoughts still "in the clouds," a kindly-faced old gentleman stood there holding a huge bunch of glowing roses. Lifting them towards me he said:

"Wouldn't you like some flowers?"

"Oh, yes!" I replied, excitedly, holding out both hands in much confusion but great eagerness.

"I saw you looking at the garden," he remarked, "and thought maybe you would like some."

I tried to thank him, but had to hurry away, because my silly eyes were already blinded with tears called up by this little act of kindness. I found afterward, however, that such kindly hospitable ways were characteristic of the Seattle people.

I believe the one thing that transcends all others in the way of admiration and homage—the one thing that is always pointed out by the residents of the city with worthy pride, is Mount Rainier (Mount Tacoma, the Tacoma people say); and anyone whose eyes have been blessed with a sight of it will agree with them. They say that the mountain is sixty miles away, yet it seems so near that you fancy you can hear the roar of the avalanches of ice and snow as they sweep down the perilous slopes, and see the clear, cool streams running down in many parallel rivers through its deep snows. I sat in an open window in one of the high office build-

ings one day, and, with a splendid glass, feasted my eyes on the magnificent picture for hours. The vastness of the mountain fairly overpowers one. Standing up so boldly, so grandly from all the lesser hills around it, it occasions unspeakable awe as one gazes into the shadows that break up the sharp, straight slopes thousands of feet in length and realizes that just there are deceitful precipices of ice, immeasurably deep. You are fascinated, but never surfeited. You never can forget its imposing dignity, its sublime greatness and its marvelous beauty. The burning sunlight, falling full upon that vast expanse of glittering snow, is a vision that never fades from memory; and the thought of the ages it has stood there, the wars of the elements and revolutions of nature it has witnessed, and the untold secrets of its history, overwhelms one with reverence for it and the great Author of its existence.

Going out for a stroll anywhere in this Sound region in the beginning of the day, one can readily believe that the universe is still in the morning of its existence and the spring-time of its glory, as they tell us it is. The faint, delicious fragrance of the early morning air; the flowers so delicately shaded by the Artist hand; the gleaming dew-drops, giving their refreshing touch to the low-bending grasses, and the soft light from the early-rising sun, just showing over the mountain summits and filtering through the tender foliage of the trees, wakening the slumbering birds to their morning worship, bring home to our minds and hearts—dense mortals though we be—the rapturous sense that it is still the morning of the great world in very truth.

A morning in June, quiet, sweet and pure, the air rose-laden, the sunlight a little filmy yet, but soft and warm, a half-transparent mist of cloud concealing the mountain peak and a sense of latent life already beginning to throb and expand in all the atmosphere,—this was the kind of morning on which I went down to the wharf for a trip across the Sound to Tacoma. A goodly number of passengers were already in waiting for the boat, but not so many as to indicate a crowd. After a few minutes spent in studying the people, speculating as to what parts of the globe they were from and why some carried so many bundles and wraps and others none, it was noticed that the little fairy steamer was just rounding the point at West Seattle, and everybody made ready to depart. In a short time the boat had discharged her cargo, taken the new crowd on board, and we were steaming out of the harbor toward Tacoma.

The "Flyer" is a beautiful little craft, and makes the trip down the Sound in very rapid time. It was with a feeling of exhilaration that I watched the wharves, with their many sailing vessels, launches, tugs, and the big man of war, recede farther and farther away, and realized that I was speeding over the water. As we passed West Seattle I entered the cabin and found a nice seat looking towards the west

and the Olympic range of mountains. It was the first view of the range I had had since reaching Seattle, a day or two previous, and it was with the feeling of greeting old friends that I turned my face toward them and thrust out my hands in their direction as I waited for the mistiness that had hung around their heads all the morning to lift and disclose their lovely faces to me. The editor of Seattle's foremost newspaper was sitting opposite me, just a few seats away, and, knowing what a horror editors have of anything like "gush," I tried to keep my enthusiasm within bounds and to mask my emotions so that he would think me quite hardened; but very soon I forgot all about him and everyone else, as the tips of the Olympics began to rise out of the haze, and the sunbeams, following quickly in its wake, revealed to my eager eyes the inspiring beauty. It was wonderful to see the forms of the different peaks come out, to watch the changing shades as the sunlight crept farther and farther along the slopes. The deep azure and delicate rose, and the all-enveloping gold, that bathed the snow-covered range from the nearest to the farthest peak, were fantastic and fascinating. The changes were so rapid, so vivid! The mountains seemed almost to be moving, and I fancied I could hear them speaking to each other of the glory of the morning and their gladness because they were allowed to be—"The hills being joyful together."

I was glad that I was alone, with no one to interrupt my contemplation with some earthy remark about where to go to lunch, or something equally irrelevant and profane. So I looked and looked, wishing that I might retain every feature of those glorious peaks, that stand there like sentinels guarding the gates to Paradise. I let my eyes return to my surroundings for a moment, feeling that they never could take in all that was revealed there and almost inclined to murmur at the limitations of these physical powers of ours, and then, seeing that the editor was eyeing me, after all, I turned hastily to the other side of the cabin, with tears half-blinding me, and hurried to an open window. Looking up, I was met with an overwhelming view of old Rainier—defiant, proud as ever, smiling down grimly upon the little pigmies of earth in a sort of condescending forbearance, but grand, beautiful, and puzzling as ever. The tears did not stop at the lashes now, but ran down in a shower, which I had hard work to suppress in time to present a decent appearance for getting off at Tacoma. But I did not mind my companions any more; the editor and all the rest of the people seemed very small, comparatively.

In the evening I went back. As the Flyer came within view of the city the lights, that formed long rows up the streets from the Sound, stretching on either side far and wide, with their dancing reflections in the water in front of us, presented a brilliant sight, like some carnival scene of ancient time. My friends met me at the dock and plied me with questions, but I was nearly dumb; my senses were still in the realms of the spirits of the air.

Another morning, in July, I met with a party of people on another steamship excursion. It was a trip into the Queen's realm as far as Victoria, B. C., an event attended with some excitement on my part, as I had never yet crossed the border of my own country.

It was the City of Kingston that bore us away upon that happy journey, a steamer that had once run on the Hudson River and had been taken away 'round Cape Horn, up to the Sound, for the purpose of making these trips every day between Tacoma, Seattle and Victoria. To me it was a glorious morning, as, indeed, all the mornings seemed to be, and after we had

watched the city out of sight and I found that we were well out upon the water, being borne swiftly and smoothly over its gentle surface, my delight knew no bounds.

Is there anything quite so entrancing, so soothing, as to recline in a chair upon deck and let your eyes wander off to the beautiful mountains reaching in broken terraces farther and farther away, while permitting your fancies to roam at will as you glide over the water secure, content, and unconcerned about all the world? Well, it was a day of delight. To watch the wake of the steamer; to feel the delicious breeze; to see the white-winged gulls following with such ease and grace; to listen to the gay laughter of the happy passengers; to know that for one day we were away from the dust and noise and worry of the busy city and might dream the long day through—this was indeed an experience of a lifetime!

About noon we met a steamer coming down—a large boat filled with passengers coming to Seattle and Tacoma. As we drew near, the usual greetings and waving of handkerchiefs were exchanged, as if in evidence that all were happy and were determined that everybody should know it.

strong for remaining outside all the afternoon, so we gathered in the cabin or went to our staterooms for a little siesta ere our approach to the winding entrance to Victoria.

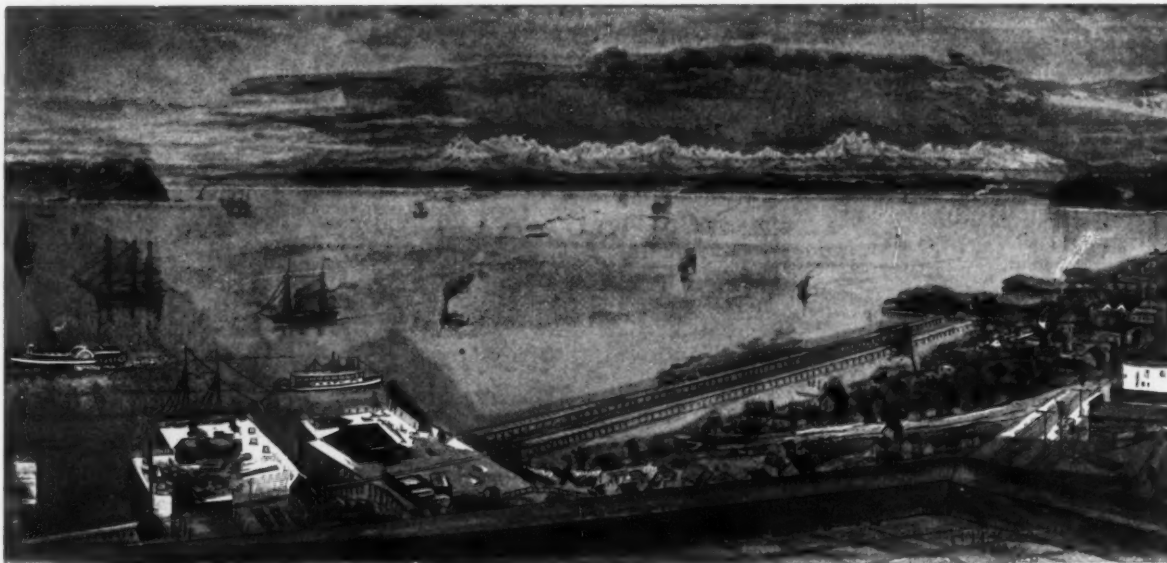
Somehow, the boat was considerably belated, and it was nearing nightfall before we reached the last point of land around which we must steam before we were to be blessed with a sight of the old English city. Someone aroused me and brought me out on deck, and, pointing toward the high promontory, said, "Victoria is just over there."

I was wide awake in an instant, and on the alert for anything new. About this time and at some distance ahead there appeared a monstrous, black, ugly-looking object in the water, and just for the length of time it took me to ask a question I imagined it might be a whale; but a gentleman of the party, who had been over the route before, hastened to relieve my excited fancy by telling me that it was the wreck of the San Pedro. Then I learned that she had been a fine, strong, noble vessel, carrying freight between the ports. On a bad night, or through some error of the pilot, they had run her onto the rocks hidden away in the deep, and the powerful ship had had to break and

got used to it it wasn't so bad—even the having of Chinamen for chamber-maids, though at first it rather startled the feminine element of our party.

In the evening we all went out to see the streets by night; and, being informed by one of the funny officials in a red coat and a strap around his chin that it was perfectly safe, we ventured down into Chinatown. Take it all in all, it was somewhat as I imagine a frightful nightmare to be—the hideous noises of the fiddles, like groans from the lower regions; the terrible leer of the inhuman faces, dissipated and evil in extreme; and the throng of the wretched creatures that packed the dingy, reeking gambling-rooms—whose windows were not even screened—and filled up the walks. Yes, it was frightful, and I promised myself that all the queen's horses should not drag me into the place again. I found that during the day-time they were not quite so numerous on the streets; nevertheless, to my mind, the Chinaman seemed to be decidedly in evidence in Victoria.

A morning drive is taken to Beacon Park, which leads us out on a rise of ground where we look across the straits directly toward the Olympics—our old friends, again. I beg the



THE OLYMPIC RANGE, LOOKING ACROSS THE SOUND FROM SEATTLE.

"The deep azure and delicate rose, and the all-enveloping gold, that bathed the snow-covered range, were fascinating."

One gets a fine view of Port Townsend as the boat nears her wharf. We did not stop long enough to permit going ashore, but I thought it a handsomely located city, and it looked very well built and substantial. Here we saw the finest tug that plies the waters of the Sound—the "Tyee," which means strong; and here, anchored out in the harbor, was a beautiful U. S. revenue cutter, so pretty in her yellow and white paint, and so trim and neat in appearance, that I almost wanted to be captured and taken off in her. It was interesting to see the skill and rapidity with which a boat was manned by four sailors who brought a couple of officers ashore and then pulled back again—not one superfluous movement nor one moment lost, anywhere.

But we were already steaming out of Port Townsend and, ere long, were in the Straits of Juan de Fuca, which I had been dreading somewhat, as the purser told us that it was sometimes pretty rough the remainder of the way to Victoria. Happily, however, there was no sea to speak of, and the little waves we did encounter were but so much added to the scene of enjoyment. The breeze was a trifle cool and

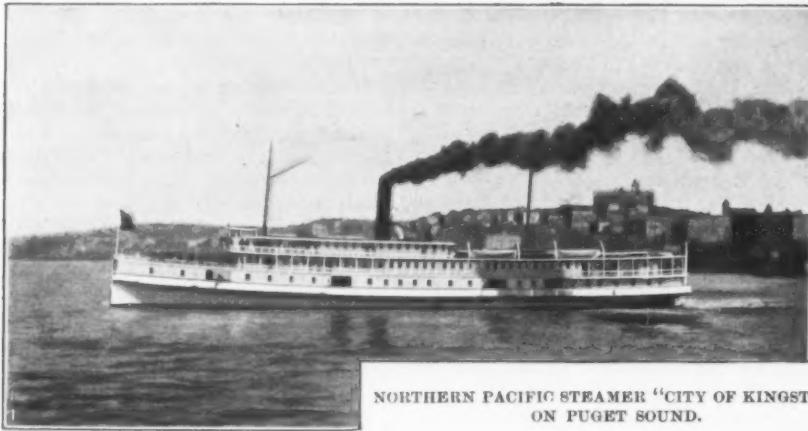
falter and die, just like any other meaner, frailer craft; and there, for a number of years now, the desolate, dreary, stranded hull had lain—a danger-signal to other and more fortunate voyagers. The gentleman who told us about it said he had liked the odd name so much that he named his favorite horse after it—"San Pedro." And I liked the proud, patrician name, too, but it made me a little gloomy and sad to recall the fate of the boat that had so proudly borne it. While I was at Victoria I noticed in a daily paper that the Government had ordered the removal of the wreck, so I suppose that it will have vanished ere I again sail around that point.

But while I was brooding over these things the City of Kingston was making her way up to Victoria's harbor and trying to find a mooring place. A moment afterward we left the boat, ascended to the business streets, and found that we were at last treading upon "royal" ground.

Our hotel was delightful, but almost funereal quiet. The service was excellent, the attention and politeness of the Chinese servants being almost oppressive; but after we

driver to stay just a moment longer, and I drink my fill of the glory. Surely, I thought, such scenes as these ought to lift us out of the slavery of trivial, sordid, worldly life to the sublimer, higher living that is possible to us all! Then we go and drive all about among the fine residences and grounds, that are so substantial and home-like, with their beautifully laid-out flower-beds, brilliant with every color and variety of flower; and the rows of thrifty hedges, and the fences and gateways, which invariably characterize English homes, lovely trees being seen everywhere. Ah, yes! It is a place one might be proud to live in—if only it were across the border!

The drive along The Gorge in the afternoon is equally enchanting. This narrow pass between rocks, where the tide rushes in and out impetuously, seems strange enough; while the driveway and walks along the route, and the shrubbery and trees, are kept splendidly. While we are crossing on a bridge the carriages stop and we get a long look way down the stream, with its rocky walls and foliage-fringed banks, and then we draw a long sigh of exquisite satisfaction; it is all that we can do.



NORTHERN PACIFIC STEAMER "CITY OF KINGSTON,"
ON PUGET SOUND.

In a few moments we are at "Esquimalt," where the Government dry-docks are, and, after being called to a halt by the official at the gate, we are graciously allowed to enter and explore. It was a place of much interest and wonder to such a novice as I; but a little shower of rain bids us hasten away, and we are landed at our hotel in time for a brief rest before dinner. At eight o'clock we say farewell, are bowed out of the entrance by the officious little Chinaman, and make our way down to the dock and aboard our City of Kingston.

This night—as I stand out on the white deck in the moonlight, watching the stars come out in the blue above and the lesser lights of the city gleaming behind us, while the lighthouse lamp beckons us on in the right course through the treacherous waters, and the soft wind kisses our cheeks with its fresh coolness—is another of those never to fade from memory. With a little pang at my heart, not knowing when I may see it all again, I consent to go inside. In my mind rises the involuntary prayer, that the peace and calm of the heavenly scene may be symbolical of the lives of those whom I love and cherish.

It was with great reluctance that I came away from all the interesting scenes about the Sound, scenes that made my holiday one long

favorable hour of the day, as it gives one the evening hours, before the light goes, for making the ride up the Cascades after a parting view of the Sound, the hop-fields, and the lovely woods and shrubs, covered with scarlet berries, which line the track for miles and miles.

We sat out on the rear platform as we glided up those long mountain gulches, anxious not to miss any of this last glimpse of the Western Slope. Perhaps we were a little sad and regretful at leaving it all behind, knowing that our return over the mountains to our home meant a return to duty, care and labor, when the visions of happiness were apt to fade, and the sweet, holy influences be lost amid the turmoil of every-day life. Yet this last evening, so quickly speeding, is a fitting ending to the bright, happy vacation-time.

A glorious sunset, sweet, dewy air, quiet and bliss in all the land, and the silvery glint of the moon climbing up one side of the dark, somber mountain-slopes while the sunlight recedes down the other—oh, it is enchanting, sublime! Those long, fir-covered slopes up each side of the road, almost reaching to the stars and stretching away behind the train and down toward the valleys in the dim distance, while we watch the moon come up over the tops and throw her warm light down into all the

little incidents and events of such excursions into Nature are but dreamy impressions upon our minds and thought when all is past, yet the harmony of life, the meaning of existence, the reverence due the All Father, are borne in upon our consciousness with greater force; and for me, the days of recreation, either dreaming or waking, amid such scenes as those of the Sound, cannot come too soon again.

BETH BELL HIGGINS.

LIMITED KNOWLEDGE OF GEOLOGISTS.

Geology is defined as the science which treats of the structure and mineral constitution of the earth, and yet, strange to say, the professors of this science—particularly those in official positions—seem to know less than anybody else about anything outside their text-books. It is well that the definition distinctly states that they only "treat" of the mineral constitution of the earth, for results so far tend to show that their treatises are of little use when applied practically. Excepting in the case of placer deposits, we believe it is the history of every gold-field in the world that wherever these scientific, book-wise gentry have passed judgment upon it in its early stages of exploration, they have condemned it. It appears to be the effect of a consciousness of their own superiority of knowledge, that when the unscientific prospector judges favorably they must make a distinction between themselves and him by differing from him. If the unlearned prospector could know as much as he with his great head full of polysyllabic names, where would be the advantage of so much learning?

Unfortunately for the learned man, however, nature is not governed by the rules of his books, and she has a provoking way of her own which proves that the only text-book on geology—so far as "mineral constitution" is concerned—that is worth studying are the actual rocks themselves. After all, geology has had to go to these same rocks for its own information, and in the case of a new district the prospector is ahead of the science which has been based on the experience only of other districts. If the "mineral constitution of the earth" were en-



OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS, FROM THE STRAITS OF FUCA.

excursion of beautiful sights, coupled with delightful companionship and happy dreams. If it be true that all scenes become tame and commonplace to one with long association, I feel thankful that I could not stay until the glamour wore off; though, from the strong attachment and pride in the locality manifested by even the oldest inhabitants there, I doubt if the people do ever grow weary of their surroundings.

The east-bound train over the Northern Pacific bears us away from Seattle at the most

darkening ravines—Yes, yes; a blessed, restful hour it was—one to carry away with me and to live over again in the evenings after, when it was all but the memory of a dream, too dear to last! For this night, ending as it did that delightful sojourn, the hour, and the scene, and the thoughts, were ideal. It all made me feel less a stranger to the life I hope one day to know; and content, without a haunting shadow, reigned within my soul.

And so I am convinced that, though the

tirely uniform in nature, the science would be all right, but the experience of all new mining districts has proved that no two are alike and that rules that will apply infallibly in one case are most misleading in another.—*Winnipeg (Man.) Colonist.*

HOW NATURE ASSISTS MAN.—Lakes and rivers of the Kootenai Country in British Columbia are so connected that light-draft steamers run between mining-camps with regularity and ease

A RANCHER AT HOME.

By E. P. Jaques.

Stranger, welcome to what we've got. It's not the very best,
But you can make yourself at home an' dine with us an' rest.

I'll open up a winder an' let in fresher air;
Now step into the settin'-room, an' take the rockin'-chair.

Yes, we're quite a piece from neighbors, an' sort of all alone,
But we've lived here quite a spell, now, an' no place seems like home.

An' it's not so very lonesome; for, stranger, don't you see,
I'm all the world to Katie an' she's all the world to me!

An' there's not a place we care to see as what we haven't seen,
Nor yet a place we care to be as what we haven't been.

Yes, we might live in the city an' have a palace grand,

An' sport as fine a turnout as any in the land;
But, then, you see, the "stilt" don't suit the color of our hair.

In the place of peace an' comfort, 'twould all be fuss an' care.

An' tho' it don't look very fine 'way up here on the branch,

An' we're offered half a million fer jest the stock an' ranch,

Yet we love the hills an' vales around, we love the sunlit streams,

We love the night-winds' whispered tale as brings us peaceful dreams;

The moonlight on the rus'lin' grass we've often wander'd through,

An' talked of poetry an' things, same as the book-folks do.

An' in the spring at burnin' time, when fire was on the range,

We've rode about the whole night through an' thought it nothing strange,

Jest to see those curvin' lines of flame sweep plain an' valley through—

Strip off their rusty coat of brown ere May puts on the new.

Now, stranger, you can bet 'twas grand to see those lines of light,

Extendin' far's the eye could reach, march thro' the riven night,

As o'er the plain, left desolate, it roars an', cracklin' loud,

Waves high a brush of twisted flame an' paints the midnight cloud.

Monotony of prairie? Monotony of skies?

You think the prospect dreary? Why, bless us! where's your eyes?

D'ye see them shadows driftin' across the softest green?

D'ye see that mirage liftin' its halo just atween?

What prospect could be fairer? See yonder wall of sod!

What ivied ruin rarer? 'Tis crown'd with golden-rod;

Beyond, a sunflower's knotted stalk its yellow disks uprear;

Dim, in the hazy distance, the Smoky Hills appear.

Well, stranger, it's surprisin' that an educated chap

Can't read the scroll that Natur' sits a-holdin' in her lap;

Can't feel the blessed incense that's lurkin' in her smile,

An' longs for dingy city, with its brick an' mortar pile.

But it seems that every critter's a runnin' in a groove
That Fate has chiseled for 'im, each tryin' hard to prove

That t'other's to be pitied for lack of taste or pelf,
Yet not a mother's son of 'em is suited with himself!

But when it comes to arguin' twixt the work of man an' Him

As set them shadows driftin', or tuned the restful hymn

That Natur's allus singin' to the weary or forsook

In the rustlin' of the breezes—in the babble of the brook,

I'm apt to get a little riled at the man on t'other side,

An' feel like jest assistin' him to take a bareback ride

Upon the roughest kind of rail; but, stranger, much I fear

We'd have to take a substitute an' use barbed-wire here.

Pshaw! stranger, don't yer hurry; the sun's quite warm as yet,

An' the glory of the prairie jest begins when it has set.

When the old moon, risin' grandly, shakes out her soothin' light

Across the noddin' blue-stem, with not a tree in sight,

An' the night-wind comes moonin' 'round an' whispers, "Sorrow, cease,"

Sure,
The Lord will give yer wisdom then to know His masterpiece!

What! Way from titled England? A poet, did you say? Well, it makes no tarnation difference; there's nary red to pay.

You're welcome for a week or so, if you're a mind to stay,

As is any human critter that chance may drift this way.

Jest take the left-hand road, then, an' steer for yonder cone

Of hills, like distant thunder cap, a standin' there alone;

An' keep yer eyes wide open. There's plenty to beguile.

An hour's ride? Well, I should "anore!"—its risin' sixty mile.



"We love the night-winds' whispered tale as brings us peaceful dreams;
The moonlight on the rus'lin' grass we've often wander'd through."



THE QUEST OF THE PROSPECTOR.

The waters roar, the waters rear
A hillock from its middle here—
Where at my feet the silt-black sand
Wash, with the waves, the gray-brown strand.
Under it all, so floury fine,
Follows the trace of a golden line.

I follow near and gaze afar
To where the golden mountains are—
The mountains where the gleaming snow
Waxes and wanes as seasons go;
Yonder's the place whence the golden seed,
Sown by the gods, to the valleys speed!

When summery sun and summery rain
Loosen the bonds of the snow again,
Even as now the waves will bear
Their golden tithe from the chambers where,
Hidden away from eager eyes,
The golden store of the Salmon lies!

I will not seek, I will not stay
To garner the tithes; I go to lay
The treasures bare whence yearly goes
The glitter to gild where the Salmon flows!
He that can follow the signals up,
May tittle on pearls from a diamond cup.

L. A. OSBORNE.

Bozeman, Mont.

A Mountain Sermon.

Fred R. Reed, the "bunch-grass wizard" of North Yakima, Wash., has been telling some good Western stories to his friends in the East. The one that follows is taken from the *Sunday Courier* of Toledo, Ohio:

"One snowy Sunday up in the wilds of Montana, during the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad, we decided to take up a collection for a poor fellow who was sick with consumption and who wanted to go back to home and mother to die. We sent runners out through the camp and soon had a hundred or more hardy frontiersmen gathered in the mess-tent, ready for any kind of a deal from a prize-fight to a funeral. I briefly stated to the boys the object of the meeting, and in less than five minutes over \$400 in hard cash was on the table and the problem of that sick boy getting home to his mother was solved.

"The business—which had suggested some solemn thoughts to most of us—being over, one of the boys proposed that we sing some sacred songs. It was pretty tough singing, but it was powerful and penetrating. After the singing, I called on an old man to pray. He did so, and it was a touching appeal in his own homely style, straight from the heart. We then sang 'Nearer My God to Thee.' As we finished, an old, weather-beaten man arose and said:

"Boys, I've been dead hard game in my time, and I'm changing. I once had a dear old mother. She used to pray for me and I used to kinder josh the old lady about her religion, but I tell you, boys, on the square, there is a whole lot to this Jesus business and I feel it more and more every day; and I believe in the Bible.

"I used to drink and cuss and play keards, and along in the fifties I did a couple of fellows in a gun fight. But I kinder got religion, and down in this old heart of mine I feel good. I feel sorter like a fellow does when he gets out of jail—free. I never stole nothing and never gave a woman the worst of it any stage of the game; and I want to say to you lads, right here, don't never do a woman up. Give her a square deal, for God knows they have a hard

enough time in this world; so, be as tender and kind to them as you can.

"You fellows don't want to laugh at religion, either; for it is true, and it sorter makes a fellow that has plugged around the world and knows that soon he's to pass in his checks, feel good to know that there is life beyond the grave. And I believe it; and I want to say right here, boys, that Jesus Christ died to save yours and my soul, and if you give him a half-way square deal he will not overlook you. I used to laugh at these sky-pilots and had no use for gospel-mills, but I am in it to stay from now on, and the Lord is going to get a square deal. Now, don't none of you fellows overlook your hand or try to ring in a bob-tail flush, for he's onto you, and no marked decks go. I'm an old man and my glim is liable to go out at any time; but I'm betting on Heaven, every time; and when this old body of mine lays down and dies, my soul is going to be taken care of."

Brave Jim Hemsworth.

That the heroic in man or woman only waits upon occasion and is never so extinct that a moment may not suffice to reveal it to a startled and admiring world, is a truth that was illustrated grandly in a recent mining event at Rossland, B. C.

Two miners were working at the bottom of the 100-foot shaft of the Young American mine. At the top was Jim Hemsworth, turning the big windlass that hoists the ore to the surface. The heavy bucket, filled with ore, had almost reached the top of the shaft when the iron crank of the windlass snapped in two like a bit of pine and hurled Hemsworth violently to the ground.

Springing to his feet, half-dazed by the blow, Hemsworth saw the windlass whirling around at a frightful rate of speed as the loaded bucket shot down the shaft upon the doomed men a hundred feet below. He had not a second to lose. There was just one chance to save them, and he took that chance. Bending forward, he thrust his right arm between the cogs of the whirling windlass. The iron jaws crunched and tore the flesh, crushed nerves, bone and sinews, tore ghastly wounds from finger-tip to shoulder—but the windlass stood still! With an awful jerk, the loaded bucket stopped just above the heads of the two terrified miners far down in the earth.

There was a rush to release Hemsworth, and in a wonderfully short time the cogs were turned back and the maimed limb lifted out of the machine. It was a horrible sight, crushed, torn, and covered with blood, and a chorus of sympathetic cries came from the miners. The arm was ruined forever and the terrible shock might call for life itself, but never a murmur came from the suffering man.

"It's a bad arm, Jim, and it'll lay you up," said a friend, compassionately.

"Oh, damn the arm!" the brave fellow retorted. "It saved their lives, and I'm glad."

It was not bravado. The oath was not profane. It was only the poor man's way of saying that self-sacrifice is naught, if it but serves a noble purpose. All honor to Jim Hemsworth, the miner hero of Rossland!

Wedding Festivities in Quillayute.

Winter in the distant and isolated Quillayute Country has attractions not to be despised. The Quillayute section is the most isolated one in Washington, and the people have in general less communication with the outside world. Many families have never been out of the country since they first went there, perhaps years ago. Now, however, the old trail over the Olympic Mountains has given way to a broad wagon-road, and six-horse teams pass

regularly over it, carrying in what merchandise from the outside world the inhabitants find it necessary to buy.

The winter attraction is the dance. There are three large dance-halls in the country, 40x60 feet, built especially as places where this universal pastime may be enjoyed. Sometimes there is an added attraction at these dances—when the almost supreme enjoyment of the unconventional country-dance is heightened, if that were possible, by a wedding of some local swain and his only girl—"best" girl, it is sometimes erroneously put; for the country boy generally gets too deeply in love with his fair one to ever think of anybody else.

Such a happy combination of affairs occurred in the Quillayute on a recent Saturday night. There was a Polish wedding, and the dance followed—followed all night, with two wedding-suppers and any amount of variations. Major Atkisson, special land agent, tells about it in the *Seattle Times*. He was there. When he returned to the city he came limping like a lame colt. He says it is due to a sprained ankle; but some of his friends are inclined to be facetious, and tell him that it is more probably due to over-exertion at the dance.

The major reached the neighborhood of the dance and wedding Saturday night, and found that the entire country was turning out to enjoy it. He had ridden with a man and his wife who had gone twenty miles to attend. The bride's father is a well-to-do Polander, with an unpronounceable name. He, being one of the well-to-do residents, has on his place one of the three dancing-halls of the country, built of cedar hand-riven boards, with the floor hand-planed, to make it smooth and to afford polish, and well saturated with tallow. The nuptial knot was tied by the ordinary process through a justice of the peace, after which followed an 8 o'clock wedding ceremony, when the dancing began. This was kept up uninterruptedly, almost, until 1 o'clock, disturbed only by the brother of the groom, who passed about the hall offering cigars to the men and a bottle of spirits to any who cared to indulge. The music, a violin and guitar, ceased at 1 and the assemblage sat down to a second wedding-supper, which might be called breakfast, after which the dance proceeded, ceasing only at 7 o'clock Sunday morning. Square dances, of a varied and difficult kind, were largely on the programme, but the people—married men, women, girls and young men—were almost universally able to cut a pigeon's wing in the matter of round dances.

Girls are in demand in the Quillayute, and marry early. The bride of this Saturday night was but fifteen years old, yet she had cast the spell over three young men,—one a brother of the groom,—any one of whom would have been proud to call her his own.

Major Atkisson says he never enjoyed a night in the country or an event more than he did the matrimonial blowout over in the Quillayute Country.

An Incident of Western Life.

The soloist at the "World's Fair" had just finished singing "I'm a Hot Baby" when a party of three strolled in and took seats at a table near the platform. The soloist, after bowing acknowledgments to the scattering applause, disappeared in the little room to the right, where he began to tell the dancing-woman that "business ain't like it used to be."

"That deserted stage," spoke up the elder of the three visitors, "reminds me of a story."

"Well, give it to us while we wait," said the younger man as he called up a waiter.

"It's nothing sensational, but it's true," began the other, "and only illustrates what many

another story has done in almost every community.

"Mexican Joe was a well known character in a mining town not a thousand miles from Helena. His vocation brought him among the lower classes, as Joe was a tamale peddler. His voice could be heard at all hours of the night, crying out his wares. His principal customers were among the sporting fraternity, and he was at home in every gambling-house in the city. The peddling of hot tamales, especially during the winter months, is far from being an easy job, and few take it up for the exercise it affords.

"Mexican Joe was the owner of a piece of land, and on this he had built for himself a shack, where he had lived since the town was only a mining-camp. In this shack Joe manufactured his chicken tamales, but where he procured the chickens was a mystery. Some of

drinking were Joe's favorite amusements, and the pace he set would soon land him in the poor-house or the grave.

"One stormy night in winter, accompanied by a young physician, I entered a large gambling-house and concert saloon combined, to listen to the music. On taking our seats at the table I noticed that the lights on the stage were turned off and that on one of the music-racks hung a sign which read, 'No music tonight.' This failure was probably due to the fact that the lady who led the orchestra responded to too many liquid encores on the previous night—a weakness she possessed. The hall was well filled with an assortment of men made up largely of miners, with a sprinkling of soldiers and business men.

"Several games were in progress, and the click of the poker-chip and the rattle of the beer-schooner were familiar sounds to the ear. The

by the shoulder, ordered him to get up and go home.

"Joe never moved a muscle. Becoming angry, the big proprietor grasped him by the collar, which caused Joe to fall from the stage. My friend the doctor noticed the manner in which Joe struck the floor, and his professional eye detected at once that something was wrong. He jumped to his feet and hurried to the fallen man. Placing his hand over Joe's heart, and waiting a few seconds, he turned to the big proprietor and said, 'Mexican Joe is dead.'

"The proprietor showed no excitement, but remarked that whisky was the cause of it and it was a wonder he had not died long ago. A big diamond flashed from the shirt-front of the speaker, possibly purchased by some of the money Joe had exchanged for liquor. The crowd from the tables gathered around the body and made various comments touching on



A NORWEGIAN WEDDING PARTY IN SOUTH DAKOTA.—[From a photograph by M. J. VIKEN.]

his customers were mean enough to say that the meat which was enveloped in corn-husks never came from the feathered tribe.

"But, like others in this world, a change took place in the life of Joe, and he awoke one noon, his usual hour for rising, to find himself a rich man. The city in which he lived had begun to branch out. In order to facilitate travel it was necessary to cut through a wide street—and this led across the property owned by Mexican Joe; so the city purchased all his possessions and paid him the sum of \$20,000.

When the old man found himself wealthy and that he would no longer have to pack around his furnace of hot tamales and wiener-wurst, he began to take life easy and spent all his time in the barrooms and gambling-houses. The frequenters of these places received Joe with a genuine welcome; for now he had money to spend, and he disbursed it with a liberality that is prevalent among persons who suddenly come into possession of wealth. Gambling and

bartenders were busy carrying these schooners to the players, where they would lie at anchor until the gamblers unloaded them. People of all ages, from the small boy to the old man, were passing in and out with the well-known 'growler.'

"Stretched at full-length on the stage, with one arm hanging downward, was Mexican Joe. As usual, he was drunk, and sleeping it off. His clothing was ragged and unclean, his shoes much worn and muddy. An old hat covered his head. He was a pitiful sight. On the floor, directly beneath sleeping Joe, was his constant companion, a common yellow dog. Many a night had he coiled himself on the sawdust floor—waiting patiently for his drunken master. Joe was never seen without his dog; good or bad, the dog seemed determined to stay by him to the end.

"It was after midnight when, at a sign from the proprietor, one of the beer-handlers walked over to Mexican Joe and, shaking him roughly

the life of Joe, many of which would have been far from complimentary if carved on his headstone. They all agreed that he had 'made his last appearance on the stage.'

"The old dog did not seem to realize that Joe was anything more than dead-drunk, as he had oftentimes seen him in a similar position and had followed meekly behind as he was led or carried from the saloon; but on the morrow he would learn that his drunken master was no more, and he alone would mourn Joe's demise; in fact, he would be the only one to miss him; for of all the latter's failings, he never had been known to be other than kind to the yellow dog.

"As I looked in on the following evening, no trace of the previous night's tragedy was visible. The crowd was large and the music in full swing. Schooners were anchored safely in harbor, and among the audience I saw others who were following in the footsteps of Mexican Joe.

"Waiter, another beer!"—*Helena (Mont.) Independent.*

UNDER THE BUNKERS.

By Gene Sans Gene.

Al Sharp and I were chums. We were born within a stone's throw of each other in Kansas City, twenty-eight years ago. Our school-boy days were no different from those of our fellows, who are today more or less fortunate.

On the death of his parents, Al, being the only heir, inherited the whole of his father's wealth, which consisted of \$50,000 in money and a 160-acre farm; and from this date may be included the period in his existence when he omitted nothing in the way of realizing the difference between affluence and poverty.

Between plunging at the races and losing at faro the cash did not last long; so he turned his attention to the farm, which he divided and sold piecemeal to this and to that syndicate until the large buildings of the nut-and-bolt-works and other factories, with a network of switch-track, combined to crowd the old cottage into one corner of the only seven-eighths of an acre remaining. Not until he had relinquished title to this for \$500, in settlement of an unfortunate election bet, did he realize that the last nucleus upon which he might retrieve his squandered fortunes had disappeared.

From as gay and merry a high-roller as Kansas City had ever seen, he was reduced to a state in which most men of altered circumstances would begin to adapt themselves to penury. Not so with Al Sharp. He was a thoroughbred, tall, muscular, only twenty-two years of age and without a weak feature. The fact that he had "blown in" \$100,000 in two years lingered in his memory but a brief while. He at once began to scheme for the possession of an amount which would admit of his spending \$100,000 every two years. Thus it happened that when, in the fall of 18—, I concluded to leave Kansas City to go prospecting out in Washington Territory, my chum was ready to accompany me.

On the day set for our departure we met at the depot and, after checking our baggage and purchasing tickets, began to while away the hours previous to train-time. It was 10 o'clock and raining. That night, as Al reviewed the situation, under the soothing influence of his cigar, possibly he assured himself that he had most excellent grounds for repining, if not indeed for despairing altogether. He sat lost in thought, for a few minutes, when he shattered his preternatural calm by ejaculating, "Great Jupiter!"

The exclamation was not surprising; for there, coming toward us, was Scotty Zorn, the last sad relic of days when fortune smiled upon the Sharp household.

With that feature of humanity called "fidelity" we are all more or less familiar and doubtless appreciate its worth—whether we recognize it in those friends whose timely support and assistance, in days of affliction, could be accepted without loss of pride or manhood, or in the old servant—that patient, enduring fellow, who, walking on a lower grade in life, has grown up with us.

The appearance of Scotty completed a picture otherwise not uncommon.

He had wandered into the Sharp household

when but ten years old, and he had known no other home until, on the death of the head of the family, he went away as unceremoniously as he came. Two years had elapsed since then and the night when he arrived at the depot and asked to be allowed to accompany us on our journey to Washington.

The train arrived, and, boarding it, we were soon speeding Westward. Good humor lulls the critical faculties to sleep, and through Scotty's efforts at murdering songs and not giving his features a rest, his crooked eyes and decidedly tough-looking visage were robbed of half their repulsiveness in the eyes of his fellow passengers, and time was beguiled pleasantly.

After six days and nights of wearisome traveling, our journey came to an end. We landed in Seattle on the morning of October 30, 18—, when there were but a few wharves there and the tide ebbed and flowed up to the point where Montgomery now stands.

The three of us got work and never lost an hour for thirty days—when we quit, provided ourselves with outfits and started for the Olympics, up in the northwest corner of the State. We tramped over the whole 150 miles, carrying our beds, outfit and gold-pan on our backs.

Early in December we struck the Skagit Country up near the head of the Skagit River. Almost the first thing we noticed were some tall pine stumps cut off about fifty feet from the ground. We wondered who could have climbed up there to do that work; but it wasn't long before we found that the snows are so deep up there that a man could stand on the snow and do the chopping. This information made Scotty turn pale.

All the miners but two, who had been left as a guard, had deserted the place. The next day it began to snow, and it came very deep, covering nearly everything. Scotty, who was thoroughly given over to thoughts of perishing there, started back at once. After several months, however, the snow disappeared and my chum and I went prospecting.

We had traveled fifty miles, taking eighteen days over the roughest road ever traveled by man, when we came to a ledge of ore which proved exceedingly rich. After staking off our claim and bottling a written description of it, we procured three men to complete the court of five necessary to record and legalize the find according to the mining code. This done, all five of us started in and worked the claim for eleven months before breaking up. On reckoning up we found that during the eleven months we had averaged \$12,000 apiece for each month; so each of us had over \$100,000!

One bright morning in February, 18—, my chum and I, after a hearty mutual farewell, parted company, he going to Seattle while I, with my share of the money, went to another fork of the Skagit and, with two other men, spent months in building a flume. I invested all my money in it. When it was done a cloudburst came, the river rose, and I have never seen a sliver of that work since!

After spending another year in vain pros-

pecting, I borrowed \$200 to square myself and get away.

When I got to Seattle I had but a few dollars and went to work at once, trying, at the same time, to get some clue as to my friend's whereabouts. The town had improved wonderfully, however, and my search was not as easily conducted as I had anticipated. From a small Indian landing it had grown to a city of 10,000 inhabitants.

One evening at the hotel, just as I had relinquished all hopes of finding my chum, I picked up a newspaper dated several weeks back, and in about the first column of the first page I saw an account of him that thoroughly astonished me. Under the heading of "Where is Al Sharp?" I found that my former comrade, during the two short years since I had last seen him, had operated a sufficient number of swindles to entitle him to a term in the penitentiary for the rest of his life; and, as the newspaper had it, "but for his spendthrift proclivities and fondness for the gaming-table," he might have had a bank account rivaling that of any business man in the city.

I will not go into details here. It is enough to say that while in most of his swindles Sharp showed the shrewd scheming qualities of a general, a few of the latter cases convinced me that his heart was fast becoming stony. If he ever entertained the least fear of God, he had lost it when he swindled a minister of the Gospel out of \$700 and then located him some 4,000 feet on the crest of Chuckanut Mountain. The claim was advertised as within two and one-half miles of Fairhaven, and was to be bought as school-boys trade jackknives—"out of sight and unseen." Not until the age of successful ballooning will the minister be able to work his claim.

On leaving Seattle once more, I felt sure that I should never return; but after traveling up and down the Coast with varying success for two years, I did come back again.

Standing in front of my lodgings one cold, wet night in January, I could hear the weird strains of a discordant violin coming out of Whitechapel, which told me that a ball was in progress there. Far beyond and to the south of this district, and making a black border against the sky by both night and day, stand the coal-bunkers, and all unconsciously I had wandered out there. It was not a locality that a fastidious person would choose, certainly, but these bunkers constitute a very satisfactory refuge and resort for tramps. In the summer the cool breeze from the Sound blows over the wharf under the bunkers, and in the winter there are nooks behind bunches of piles which are dry and well sheltered. The society to be found in this choice spot is somewhat mixed—that is, in the matter of color, nativity, quality, and kind of uncleanness; but as to outlawry and idleness, all who meet there are on the same level. Some, of course, take precedence of their fellows by right of greater ability and daring, being professional house-breakers or highwaymen in reduced circumstances; while others are mere tramps or junk thieves; but all meet at the bunkers on an equality, and the policeman is regarded by them as a common enemy.

People who are acquainted with the place seldom venture out to the end of the bunkers after dark. It is a lonesome spot. There are many posts and timbers behind which a man with a club or a knife could lurk, and it is known that these nooks are often occupied. Sometimes a drunken sailor or logger staggers out there to sleep off the effects of a spree, and it very often happens that when he wakes up he finds that everything of value which he had about him has disappeared.

On the stormy night in question a man—a logger, to judge by his attire—staggered along beneath the coal bunkers, apparently in search of a dry nook where he would be safe from the interference of the police and where he could sleep off the effects of the liquor which he had been drinking. The wind whistled through the timbers overhead, the sheets of rain splashed against the sides of the bunkers, and the waves could be heard swashing against the piles beneath the planking. The man staggered along, now and again striking against a timber or stumbling over some obstruction beneath his feet. He had pursued his unsteady way for some distance along the wharf, when suddenly a light flashed on him and some one, unseen to him in the darkness behind the light, accosted him with:

"Hello, partner! What are you looking for?"

He stopped and straightened himself up as best he could, and endeavored to make out in the blackness who it was that had hailed him. Gradually he made out the forms of two men, seated with their backs against sheltering timbers. One of the men had in his hand a dark-lantern, the light from which he held turned on the new-comer, and both the men were smoking short black pipes. When the logger had collected his drunken senses sufficiently to answer, he said that he was just looking for a place to get in out of the rain.

"Well," said the man with the lantern, "this is about as good a place as you'll find hereabouts, and we won't make any charge for lodging. Sit down over by that pile and make yourself comfortable."

The woodsman needed no urging to accept the invitation, and tumbled himself down in a heap in the place indicated.

As soon as he saw his guest comfortably settled, the man with the lantern closed the slide and left everything in total darkness. Neither of the occupants of the place spoke, and in a few minutes the last comer had fallen asleep, despite the cold wind, of which an occasional gust eddied about the sheltering timbers. The silence was finally broken by one of the smokers asking of his companion, "Is he asleep, do you think, Jim?"

"I should judge so," was the reply, "by the way he snores."

"Well," said the first speaker, "I'll give you a little light and you can see if he has any property about him. If he has, we had better take care of it for him, as he is in no condition to look out for himself."

With this the men arose cautiously, the one with the lantern turning the slide sufficiently to allow a single narrow ray of light to escape, which he turned upon the prostrate form of the drunken man, while his companion quietly and dextrously began a search of the sleeper's pockets. The quest was not satisfactory, for all that was found consisted of a few small silver coins and an old watch, which was almost valueless.

The man who was doing the searching was about to desist, satisfied that he had appropriated everything of value about the sleeper, when he gave a start and began running his hands carefully over the drunkard's body about the waist. With a meaning nod to his companion, who, by the way, had carefully noted everything taken from the victim, the searcher took from his pocket a large clasp-knife, opened it, and began slitting open the coarse woolen shirt which the logger wore. In his eagerness to get the shirt open he did not notice how close he was to the skin beneath, but made a bold slash with the knife. The shirt dropped open and revealed the white skin underneath, on which was traced a faint, red line marked by a dozen beads of blood, which oozed up and



"The pair tottered and swayed, each growing weaker."

trembled a second before running off in little crimson streams. At the sight of blood the two thieves remained perfectly motionless, thinking, apparently, that the logger was too sodden with liquor to awaken even under such treatment. But they had miscalculated, for in a few seconds the deadened nerves contrived to carry their message of pain to the brain, and the sleeper awakened with a start and raised himself to a sitting posture.

The light dazzled him, and the roar of the wind was in his ears; but instinct seemed to tell him that he was in danger, and with a sudden spring he overturned the man who was bending over him, gained his feet, and stood staring around, dazed and bewildered, but still on his guard against possible danger.

The overturned thief was on his feet almost as soon as the logger, but, unlike the latter, he had his senses about him. He turned to his companion and muttered:

"Scotty, he has got a money-belt on him, and we must have it. Give me plenty of light and I'll quiet him."

With his knife grasped tightly in his hand, the thief began moving cautiously with the intention of getting in the rear of the woodsman, but the latter balked this plan by backing up against a timber. The thief looked around him for a moment and then made a motion to his companion with the lantern. The latter understood the sign and immediately turned the slide of the lantern and left the place in darkness. For a second the men were quiet; then there was a rush, a scuffle, the light was turned on, and the man with the lantern beheld his companion struggling in the arms of the woodsman.

Cautiously drawing nearer to the struggling men, he saw that both were covered with blood,

which flowed from a ghastly cut in the woodsman's neck; but he made no effort to aid his companion.

He watched the struggle—the thief trying to reach his antagonist with his knife, the woodsman slowly but surely squeezing the life out of the thief. The pair tottered and swayed, each growing weaker; one, from the loss of blood, the other from the terrible pressure brought to bear upon him.

Neither noticed that but a step from where they stood was the edge of the wharf; the man with the lantern did, and he shut off the light.

There was a splash—louder than that made by the waves striking the piles,—a single cry in which the sound of two voices mingled, and when the light was turned on again the man with the lantern was alone beneath the bunkers. He hurried around to a ladder which led to a pile of ballast beneath the wharf, and, standing ankle-deep in the filth at the water's edge, cast the light of the lantern over the waves which washed back and forth among the piles and timbers. He heard a cry, and the ray from his lantern discovered to him the white face of his companion, who was clinging to a slippery pile beneath the wharf. The light rested there but a moment, however, and then darted here and there over the water. From the darkness came a pleading cry, "Help me, Scotty!" but the light from the lantern still searched the whirling waters. At last it rested on an object that was washing backward and forward over the slimy rocks of the ballast-pile, but a few feet from where the man who held the light was standing. A motion of the water rolled the object over, and the man saw the stony eyes and matted red beard of the logger, the gaping knife-wound showing plainly in the side of his neck. The water where the

body lay was only knee-deep, and it was but a moment's work to drag it partially from the water upon the ballast-pile.

Again came the cry from the darkness, and this time the man with the lantern turned the light in the direction whence it proceeded long enough to see the white face disappear beneath the water alongside the pile. Then the lantern was deposited on the ballast-pile, with its light turned full upon the body lying at the water's edge. The man who had held the light drew from his pocket a companion to the knife which had made the wound in the logger's neck, and, bending over the dead body of the woodsman, slashed the flannel shirt, in which there was already a long gash. This time there was no movement when the knife touched the skin. One more stroke, and the shirt was laid open to the waist.

With feverish haste Scotty tore it back, and then, tightly clasped around the dead man's body, he saw a few valueless papers. Turning his eyes toward the corpse's face, he noticed that the matted beard had shifted and was false. Taking hold of it he pulled it off, and there, pale and ghastly, Scotty beheld the pallid features of Al Sharp, cold in death.

AN ECCENTRIC SIOUX FALLS ATTORNEY.

Joe Kirby, a Sioux Falls, S. D., attorney, is evidently nothing if not sensational. For instance, although other men use bank checks, Joe has one of his own. Two flags, one of Erin, with its harp, the other the beautiful emblem of the United States, are crossed over a picture of himself, surrounded by a twining wreath of shamrock. The motto above the picture is "Root Hog or Die!"

Joe's best friends couldn't call him handsome, but in his strongly-marked features one can see an indomitable will and strong character, such as few men possess. Abraham Lincoln had the same plain, kindly face, and Joe is proud to be told occasionally that he resembles the martyred President.

Mr. Kirby is noted for his sarcasm and elusive manner when in court, and many a story is told of his pugnacity. Once he had a client who had pleaded guilty, but Joe wouldn't have it so. He had the plea changed to "not guilty," cleared the party, and then turned about and sued the prosecuting witness for \$50,000 damages.

He is an entirely self-made man, and is a shining example of what grit and stubborn determination, combined with considerable native talent, can do.

His recent appeal to the people, from the decisions of the supreme court, and his severe arraignment of this court, through the medium of the press, on the charge of corruption, are matters that are familiar to more than the local public.

A PINE-TREE PRISON.—J. R. Bennett and E. E. Darrow, while cutting wood on the former's farm two miles southwest of town, says the Garfield (Wash.) *Enterprise*, made a very interesting discovery. In the heart of a pine-tree four feet in diameter, and embedded in the solid wood, they found the nest and the shriveled remains of two birds which, from their appearance, were yellowhammers; but, unlike the toad that is found at stated intervals embedded in the solid rock, the birds were quite dead. Although the tree had grown over solidly, there were traces of a hole in the tree when it was small. Estimating the time by the growth over the hole, the birds must have taken their last peep out about the time the Astor party went by on their way to the Astoria. The remains of the flickers look a good deal like a mummy, and there is a sad expression lingering about their eyes that suggests long years of waiting.

ON THE EVE OF BATTLE.

The following is a letter from an army officer to a friend in the East:

"In the Field, Jan. — 18—.

"My dear friend:—I am writing you this during a halt to let the colonel inspect the Indian camp. We are on one side of a hill, and the hostile camp is just on the other slope. Our scouts found a trail three days ago, and we have been following it hotly ever since. And this is where it ends. Very soon, now, we will be racing down that slope and through those tepees and leaving hell in our trail! And, of course, you know, some of us won't come out. But we've all got a fair chance, and the fellow that's dropped won't kick.

"I am writing this by the light of my dark lantern and by the aid of the stars, which are wonderfully bright tonight. There's a moon, too. It's a great wonder we haven't been discovered; but it won't make much difference now, for I see the colonel coming back.

"We've come fifty miles in the last ten hours, and I've done a deal of thinking—mostly of home and the people back there. If I remember right, you were one of the fellows that came up for the West Point examinations when I did. Well, sometimes I wish you had won the appointment. At least if you had, I would be sure of a whole skin tonight—which I am not, by any means! You, however, are the general manager of a railroad and, I presume, a big stockholder, while I am a senior first lieutenant of cavalry, with less than a hundred and fifty a month, and the white hairs already commencing to show in my mustache. You have a happy home, a pretty wife, bright children and a busy life before you; I have nothing in the world that I care for but the proficiency of my troop and the faded old colors that float over us. Before me is a most desolate life, with bleak prairies and snow-capped mountains all around. It's a long time since I've been East to God's country, and I'd like awfully to get back there, if only for a little while; but just now every man's needed here on the frontier. However, I'll go back some day and see you all.

"The colonel has come up to our group and is saying:

"It's a big camp for a battalion to go through. We ought to fall back on Bendire and the other companies; and if we do, we'll lose what we've come all this distance for; they'll see our trail in the morning, and then everything will be up. If we want this camp we've got to pitch in now and take it before the sun comes up over that ridge."

"There is a long silence. No one, it seems, cares to express himself.

"I think, gentlemen, said the colonel, that we had better pitch in and do our best. You will have your men ready in forty-five minutes."

"That gives me time to finish this letter. Now, old man, you must not mind what I've been saying above. I didn't exactly mean it. I'm feeling better already. I don't mind this life. I love it. The fact is, I couldn't get along with any other kind of life. You don't know what it is to ride at the head of the finest troop of cavalry in the whole army, and be able to look back over your shoulder and see the fine fellows sitting like statues in the saddles—and the prancing horses and the waving plumes, and know that they are your men and your horses, and that they will obey your every

command. It thrills me now, when I think that in a little while I shall be dashing through that camp on the other side of the slope—with that splendid troop thundering behind me!

"But there's one thing that takes the starch out of a fellow, and that is when the band plays an old West Point waltz. That is what our band did when we left the post, four days ago, and I'm just beginning to get over it.

"The men are getting ready. The color-sergeant is shaking out the old flag. It looks beautiful in the moonlight. Each star seems brighter than it did an hour ago—almost as bright as the real stars overhead. Already the men are getting silently into line, and the troop horses are being brought forward. In this night's work I shall miss the clink of the sabers and hear, instead, only the dull thumping of the carbines on the sling-belts.

"Now we are almost ready. The wind comes sighing and moaning over the hill, and the colonel has gone forward. The different troops are beginning to trot off, but as yet there has been no bugle-call mingling with the wind. When the bugle does sound, it will mean a wild dash up the hill and over the ridge, and a charge down into the village—with hell right in front!

"I must close, now, as I have to lead my troop forward; but I'm coming home, some day, and we'll have a dinner at the club, with all the old boys there; and then we'll go around to Keeme's and take in the show, call on all the people I used to know years ago, and have a good time generally. Do you remember that pretty girl we all used to worship—the girl with the dark hair and gray eyes—Miss Eleanor Montmorency? Well, I'm going to hunt her up, when I get back, and take her to Keeme's again, as I used to do, and get her chocolates at Smiths. But I must stop, as the horses are deucedly nervous and impatient. So, good-bye, old man, and look out for your old friend,

"RUFUS H. VAN REED."

* * *

[From the Chicago *Press*, Jan. — 18—.]

"Dispatches from headquarters report a hot fight between United States cavalry and Sioux Indians, in which several officers and men of the Sixteenth Cavalry were killed and wounded. On the night of Jan. —, Colonel Hunte and five troops of the Sixteenth found an Indian camp and attacked it early the next morning without waiting for Major Bendire and the other battalion. The hostile camp proved far stronger than was expected, and gave the troops a hard battle. During the first rush on the camp Lieutenant Van Reed's troop became detached from the main body and, after dashing through the eastern end of the village, was cut off and surrounded by the outnumbering warriors. The Indians then made an attempt to stampede his mounts, but failed to do so. However, they came very near doing so, and it was only the splendid discipline of the troop that prevented them.

"The noise made by the rush of the other troops through the tepees became fainter and fainter, and then the beleaguered troop knew that their comrades were being pushed in an opposite direction. For a moment it looked as if all hope of life was over. But Van Reed was a brave, determined officer, and ordered his men to mount. This they did, under a heavy fire from the Indians that emptied many saddles. Then the lieutenant gave the word, and with a rush the whole troop dashed onward through the encircling warriors and made a wild dash for life and liberty.

"Once in the open, the lieutenant formed fours and trotted briskly over the frozen turf in the direction taken by the other troops. Away off in the distance could be heard the

faint notes of a bugle. This they answered with 'officers' call,' and when from out the hills this call was answered, they knew the four other troops would soon come thundering to their aid.

"But now the Indians, who had been following them, again opened fire. It was a fierce fire, and had to be answered. After returning shot for shot for some time, the lieutenant saw that his men were dropping so fast that his only hope lay in again cutting his way through. He felt sure that the main body must be somewhere near at hand.

"Forming for this last desperate attempt, the troops went forward with a rush; and just as they reached the Indian line and broke through, the whole battalion came charging down the hill. But at this fatal moment Van Reed, the gallant officer, pitched forward from his saddle—dead."

ROBERTSON HOWARD, JR.

AMERICAN APPLES IN GERMANY.

The report of the United States Consul General at Frankfort, Germany, to the State Department at Washington is full of important particulars which the fruit-growers of the Northwest would do well to consider seriously. After saying that the past season will long be remembered in Germany as the first in which the American apple has invaded the markets of that country in such quantities as to reach all classes of dealers and consumers and demonstrate beyond dispute its superiority over the native fruit in juiciness, flavor and adaptability to all purposes of the kitchen and table, the report goes on to state that a German pomological journal is credited with the astonishing statement that during the past season six million double centners of American apples—more than twenty times the import of any previous year—have been landed at German ports. As a centner is the hundredweight of certain European countries, it is evident that the statement is incorrect; nevertheless, it is a well-known fact that American apples are being shipped abroad in large quantities, and that the foreign demand for them grows yearly. This, says a correspondent of the *New England Grocer*, is a victory of superior quality rather than mere cheapness of price, and there is an assuring prospect that the large importations of last season have opened a permanent market for apples in Germany. It is, therefore, worth while to review some of the mistakes that have been made by certain exporters in this country, and point out the additional precautions that will be necessary to give the trade stability and lift it above the character of a periodic and more or less uncertain speculation. Taking into account the magnitude of the importations, and the fact that most of the fruit had been gathered, barreled and sold in the principal American markets without any special preparation for export, it must be conceded that it has arrived, for the most part, in good condition, at least until the latter part of the shipping season. But since the middle of December a number of shipments have arrived in a wretched state, the apples so rotten and crushed as to be wholly unsalable, except for manufacturing purposes, and then at a serious loss to the importers.

The agrarian press, every ready to find flaws in imported food products, has not failed to point out and make the most of these defects, and, by its strictures on American methods of packing and shipment, has pointed out the reforms that should be made before the exports of another season are begun. The plain fact is that apples hastily gathered, thrown into barrels and hurried by rail or water to New York and Boston, are often in no proper condition to

be exported to Europe, and if the trade now so auspiciously opened is to be maintained and increased, more careful methods of packing and preparation must be adopted.

Germany has for many years imported apples in large quantities for the Austrian Tyrol, and the contrast between the manner in which such fruit and the American apples are prepared for shipment, and the condition in which they respectively arrive and keep after arrival, offers a striking and suggestive lesson. Tyrolean apples, when intended for export, are carefully picked by hand when dry; or, if damp when gathered, they are dried and then laid by hand closely in barrels lined with heavy manilla paper. At the bottom and top of the cask is placed a thick layer of "wood wool" or dry, soft straw, and the barrel-head, being pressed down over this and fastened, the fruit is held firmly by the pressure of these two elastic cushions, so as to prevent the loose rattling of one apple against another while in transit, and the consequent bruising which entails decay. Finally, holes are bored through the sides and both heads of the cask to admit air, and in this condition apples from the Alpine slopes are brought hundreds of miles by rail so free from injury that they keep throughout the winter without being unpacked or opened. They are fair, rosy-cheeked and firm of tissue, and although distinctly inferior to the best American apples in juiciness, flavor and tenderness of pulp, they retail today in Frankfort at higher prices than the Spitzens, Baldwins and Greenings from beyond the sea.

It is the opinion of German fruit dealers, says the authority quoted, who extol the rich flavor and general excellence of American apples, that if they were gathered and put up for export by the same methods and as carefully as those from the Tyrol and Northern Italy, they would from this time forward practically control the imported apple market in Germany. This special preparation would, of course, cost both time and money, but the kind of labor required for such a purpose should be plentiful and relatively inexpensive, even in the United States, and its cost would be amply repaid by the higher prices that the carefully assorted and well-packed fruit would command abroad.

The dried and canned fruits of California and the Atlantic States are now firmly established in Germany, their importation and consumption are increasing steadily year by year, and with the wide and favorable introduction that fresh American apples have obtained during the past season it will require only careful assorting and packing, with judicious management on the part of exporters, to develop and retain for them in Germany a permanent and important market.

LOCATION AND EXTENT OF THE NEW FOREST RESERVES.

Ex-President Cleveland's Forest Reserve order, which has aroused such universal opposition throughout the Western and Northwestern States, locates the various reserves and defines their boundaries as follows:

No. 1. The Black Hills reserve embraces the central portion of the Black Hills of South Dakota and has an estimated area of 967,630 acres.

No. 2. The Big Horn reserve is situated in Northern-Central Wyoming and embraces both slopes of the Big Horn Mountains. Its area is 1,198,080 acres.

No. 3. The Teton reserve lies adjacent to the Yellowstone National Park timberline reserve, being south thereof, and contains 829,440 acres.

No. 4. The Flathead reserve embraces both

slopes of the main Rocky Mountain range or continental divide, in Northern Montana, and extends from near the line of the Great Northern Railroad northward to the international boundary. It contains an estimated area of 1,382,400 acres.

No. 5. The Lewis and Clarke forest reserve embraces both slopes of the continental divide in Montana, and extends from near the line of the Great Northern Railroad southward nearly to the 47th degree of north latitude, and has an estimated area of 2,426,080 acres.

No. 6. The Priest River forest reserve occupies the basin of Priest Lake and Priest River in the extreme northern part of Idaho and Northeastern Washington, and extends from a few miles north of the Great Northern Railroad to the international boundary. Its area is estimated at 552,960 acres in Idaho, and 92,160 acres in Washington, making a total of 645,120 acres. In this reservation the Western white pine grows to its largest size. It is within the limits of the Northern Pacific Railway grant, and consequently the Government owns only the alternate sections within the limit of said grant.

No. 7. The Bitter Root forest reserve lies on both sides of the boundary between Montana and Idaho. The total estimated area is 4,147,200 acres, of which 691,200 are in Montana and 3,456,000 in Idaho.

No. 8. The Washington forest reserve is located in the State of Washington and extends from about the 120th degree of west longitude to nearly the 122d degree, and from the international boundary southward to a little below the 48th degree of latitude. It contains an estimated area of 3,540,240 acres. The region embraced extends over both slopes of the Cascade Mountains, and is exceedingly broken and entirely clothed with forests. The reserve is one of the most rugged, difficult, least known and least settled parts of the United States.

No. 9. The Olympic forest reserve occupies the high and broken Olympic Mountain region in Northwestern Washington, and contains an estimated area of 2,188,800 acres. This proposed reserve no doubt contains for its area the largest and most valuable body of timber belonging to the nation.

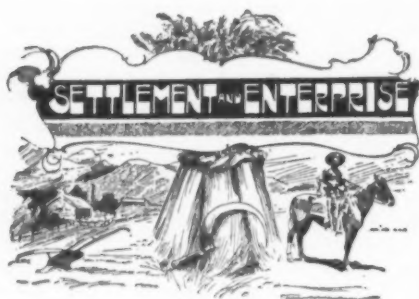
No. 10. The Mount Rainier forest reserve was originally established by executive order of Feb. 20, 1893, as the "Pacific Forest Reserve." The proclamation extends the reserve southward along the two slopes of the Cascade Mountains nearly to the Columbia River, and changes the name of the Pacific to the Mount Rainier Forest Reserve. The proposed extension makes the total area of the Mount Rainier reserve 2,234,880 acres.

No. 11. The Stanislaus forest reserve extends north along the slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California, and embraces an area of 391,200 acres.

No. 12. The San Jacinto forest reserve embraces the San Jacinto Mountains in Southern California, and is separated from the existing San Bernardino forest reserve by the San Georgonio pass. Estimated area, 737,280 acres.

No. 13. The Uintah forest reserve embraces both slopes of the eastern part of the Uintah Mountain ranges in Northern Utah and the northern slope only of the western part of this range, the southern slope being the part of the Uintah Indian Reservation.

AN ANCIENT VOLCANIC CENTER.—Recent investigations lead to the conclusion that in remote ages there was a volcanic center, near the site of the present town of Rossland, in British Columbia, from which lava and ashes deluged the surrounding district.



Montana a Fruit State, Too.

Geo. H. Scott, who writes for the Rocky Mountain *Husbandman*, of White Sulphur Springs, Mont., says "there is no reason why Montana should not become as famous for its fruits as Utah and Colorado. Montana has a soil which is very similar to that upon which the extensive orchards of those States are located, and her climate, with its even temperature and abundant sunshine, cannot be equaled in the great Northwest. It is quite safe to predict that the next five years will see Montana make a rapid advance in this infant, yet very important, industry."

Correct Farming Methods.

The fruit-farmers of Western Montana have come to the conclusion that they do not need large farms. Forty acres, they say, is ample. They figure on keeping a couple of cows, one or two teams—a work-team and marketing-team preferred—and a few chickens. Aside from the ground needed to produce feed for these, they propose to put the land in fruit-trees, shrubs, and strawberry plants. A small farm well tilled is, they assure us, infinitely preferred to a large farm but partially tilled.—*White Sulphur Springs (Mont.) Husbandman*.

Canadian Enterprise.

It is said that the Dominion Government will this year carry out Professor Robertson's plan of exporting dressed meats to Great Britain. This plan is to establish cold storage facilities in connection with slaughtering establishments, and ship chilled meats to Great Britain, where retail shops will be opened to sell direct to consumers until the industry has been established. Abattoirs will probably be established at Montreal and Winnipeg, and later on, possibly, at some central point in our western range country.—*Winnipeg Colonist*.

New Settlers Still Coming.

A body of representative Nebraska farmers were in Foster County, N. D., recently, for the purpose of examining the soil and investigating the resources of the country from an agricultural view. It is reported that the gentlemen were favorably impressed with the situation and that an option for the purchase of 5,000 acres has been secured from the Northern Pacific Railway Company. The tract, which is reserved for a colony of the Dunkard faith, lies within a few miles of Carrington and is a part of the indemnity strip recently patented by the Government. There is no better land in the State, and it is quite certain that the entire section will soon be occupied by thrifty farmers.

Oregon's Hop Outlook.

Papers published in the hop districts throughout the State report unusual activity in the hopyards, and it is evident that the cultivation this year will far exceed that of last. The

harvest, also, should conditions continue favorable, will be more bounteous than usual, and, if prices continue fair, more closely garnered. The 10,000 acres or thereabouts in cultivation last year, the *Portland Oregonian* thinks, will be increased to perhaps 15,000 acres, and the Oregon crop, probably, to 75,000 bales as against 50,000 bales last year. The reasons for this activity are to be found in the favorable condition of the market, ten cents a pound being offered now, compared with three or four cents a year ago; and also, it is surmised, in the belief that a restoration of the McKinley tariff on hops will tend materially to strengthen and maintain advanced prices.

1897 Promises Fair.

Washington crop reports are very encouraging throughout the Big Bend Country. The ground is in good condition and farmers are hopeful of big crops. The prospects now point to a larger grain yield in the Big Bend Country than was ever known before. The acreage at Wilbur will be fifty per cent greater than last year.

In the Whatcom District, according to the New Whatcom *Reveille*, prospects for a large fruit-crop were never better, and the orchardists are confidently expecting a good harvest.

While there may be some minor localities in the agricultural districts of the State in which the conditions are not the most favorable, there is every prospect that the general output of both fruit and grain will be highly satisfactory.

Packing Herring in Seattle.

Some of the big fish depots here are at work, during the present lull in the fresh-fish trade, in smoking and drying salted herring. Millions of these fish, which were taken largely during their runs last season and were put away in brine, are now being brought out and cured. A few herring are being taken at this time and find their way in, but the quantity is light. One of these fish depots where this work is now being carried on looks much like a salmon cannery during the height of the run. Piles of herring, kegs of herring, big tanks of herring and herring covering every inch of the floor space, besides smoke-houses with hundreds of rows of the silvery fish hanging aloft, may be seen. It is rather a new sight in the fish traffic of this city. When cured they are packed in regular herring-boxes for the market.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

A Growing Industry.

J. S. Harris, the pioneer goat-breeder of South Idaho, who visited Angora, Turkey, some twenty years ago, and at an expense of several thousand dollars introduced the first pure-blooded Angora goats into Idaho, packing the goats on horses 250 miles through the mountains of Armenia, made some highly interesting and practical remarks in regard to the industry at a recent meeting of the Oregon Angora Goat Breeders' Association, held in Independence. He says that the Willamette Valley, owing to its mild and humid climate, is peculiarly well adapted to producing a high grade of soft mohair of a rich luster, which will readily command a good price in the market. He urged upon the farmers of this valley, especially those who live in the foothills, where the natural food of the Angora goat grows in abundance, to engage in the industry, assuring them that they will find it a profitable business. Mr. Harris is one of the largest Angora goat-breeders on the Coast. His herd of goats number over 2,000, all pure bloods directly descended from the original stock imported from Angora. About fifty samples of mohair were on exhibi-

tion from various parts of the world—Turkey, South Africa, Texas, Idaho, and the Willamette Valley.—*Portland Oregonian*.

A Favored Northwest.

The Minneapolis *Commercial Bulletin* says:

"The growth that has come to the Northwest in thirty-five years is going on, and in thirty-five years more we will look back and wonder how we could have been so short-sighted in the matter of predictions. We have a great area running through to the Coast, and in the years to come it will be filled with people. There is the great advantage here of an agricultural region unsurpassed, and with it water-power, great quarries of building-stone, live-stock ranges, mines, lumber, etc. It should take no one a long time to see the future with that great area spread out. And the transformation will come rapidly. There is going to be no drag about it. People are coming to Minnesota to live, and they are going to the Dakotas, all great States. Look out into the future and take a broad view. The Northwest is a favored spot, clear through to the Coast."

Coming to North Dakota.

The Napoleon (N. D.) *Homestead* says: "It looks as if a large immigration to North Dakota will take place this year, and the population of the State be increased by many thousands, which goes to show that North Dakota is advancing rapidly, not only as a wheat-producing country, which is known the world over, but also for the rapid strides it has made in the past few years in the way of stock-raising,—cattle, sheep, horses and hogs,—which now can be seen in abundance in almost any part of the State. No wonder the people are coming this way. To what other State in the Union can a person go with limited means, and some without any means at all, and do as well? There is not one. Those who leave the State, looking for some better place, in most cases return, glad to get back again to their old homes in North Dakota, the land of independence and plenty. Let the new settlers come; there is plenty of land for all who wish to make a home on these fertile prairies of North Dakota."

In South Dakota.

One of the best counties in South Dakota is Campbell County. It is in the northern part of the State, on the line dividing it from North Dakota. The population is about 5,000, and Mound City is the county seat. Here are found the Campbell County Creamery, which handles the milk from 800 cows, and the Campbell County Roller Mills, whose celebrated flour cannot be manufactured fast enough to meet the popular demands. The people of this county rank among the most prosperous of the State and are engaged in general farming and stock-raising. There has not been a crop failure in twelve years—since the county was first settled. The population grows steadily, and the financial standard of the county is first-class. The nearest railway point is Eureka in McPherson County, a town which holds the record of being the largest primary grain-shipping point in the country, over a million dollars' worth of wheat having been shipped within three months in a single year. The town also shipped, last year, about 150 cars of hogs and 200 cars of cattle. A good creamery and a flouring-mill are among the wealth-making industries. Both these counties have high hopes of prosperity during 1897, and no doubt their hopes will be realized.

Washington's Violin Maple.

New resources of this State are being discovered constantly. For the latest one, credit is due to the enterprise of Mr. H. D. Ingram,

of this city, who recently sent to Mr. A. L. Rosenfeld, of Kansas City, samples of what is commonly called bar-maple. Rosenfeld is the leading maker of the smaller stringed instruments, such as violins, etc., in the United States. He finds, and so reports, that the Washington maple is superior to any he has yet found, and he has heretofore been importing maple from the mountainous regions of Switzerland as the best he could find in the world. Whatcom County maple seems to possess the necessary qualities of being very difficult to split, capacity for satiny finish, resonance, strength and lightness in the superlative degree. While the demand for such wood does not call for any great amount, it is steadily increasing and will command almost its own price. It is well known that the exports of such instruments from this country have become no inconsiderable item, as was proven by an order recently sent to Europe for an instrument at a high price, on receiving which it was found to have been manufactured by Mr. Rosenfeld, the

ple is then reduced in quantity, also automatically, and a portion of it is ground to a pulp. A small part of this pulp is then assayed to find its metallic contents. The rest of the pulp is sealed up for future reference in case of a dispute as to the value of the ore, with the exception of an assay sample, which is sent to the shipper of the ore. He in turn gets his sample assayed, and if it checks out with the smelter returns, there is no room for dispute. If it does not check out, another portion of the pulp is sent to a disinterested assayer selected by both parties as umpire. His certificate of the contents settles the question of value. The pulp from which all these assays are obtained is necessarily an absolute average of the whole quantity of ore, whether it be one ton or 100 tons.

"Smelters represent large aggregations of capital, and depend entirely for their success upon the confidence of their customers. Any deviation from absolute honesty would immediately prove disastrous, and we question if any other line of business in the world is conducted

continues, "I took a leave of absence and started for the Peace River Country on the southeast side of Alaska, on a prospecting trip. I stopped at Edmonton, Alberta, for over a month, waiting for the country to open up so that we could start for the interior. I talked with a good many settlers. All of them want to get back to the States, but have not money enough to get out of the country. The farmers never figure on more than one crop in three years, on account of cold weather. Oats and potatoes are the only things that will grow at all. Even if you had good luck and should get two crops in three years, you would not be any better off, for the reason that there is no market for the crops. Freight rates are so high that nothing can be shipped to the Eastern markets. Last year oats sold for nine cents a bushel and potatoes for fifteen cents—and all in trade, no cash being paid. The circulars tell you how rich the land is and how much you can raise on an acre, but they do not tell you where you can sell what you raise. The soil is



WINTER SCENE ON A MONTANA RANCH.—WILLOW GROVE FARM, CARBON COUNTY.

purchaser residing in Missouri. The moral of this is that there should be no haste in destroying our maple timber.—*New Whatcom (Wash.) Reveille.*

Sampling Refractory Ores.

The method of sampling refractory ores, as described by the Rossland (B. C.) *Miner* in the following article, will prove interesting reading:

"Some mines keep an agent at the smelter, but he is there merely to keep a check on the quantity of ore delivered. When the ore is weighed before being shipped there is no need for an agent at the smelter. The smelter agrees to treat ore for a certain charge per ton, and to pay New York prices for the gold, silver, lead and copper contained.

"When the ore arrives at the smelter it is weighed the same as wheat or any other commodity. It then goes to the sampling-works, where it is sampled automatically. This sam-

pling is then reduced in quantity, also automatically, and a portion of it is ground to a pulp. A small part of this pulp is then assayed to find its metallic contents. The rest of the pulp is sealed up for future reference in case of a dispute as to the value of the ore, with the exception of an assay sample, which is sent to the shipper of the ore. He in turn gets his sample assayed, and if it checks out with the smelter returns, there is no room for dispute. If it does not check out, another portion of the pulp is sent to a disinterested assayer selected by both parties as umpire. His certificate of the contents settles the question of value. The pulp from which all these assays are obtained is necessarily an absolute average of the whole quantity of ore, whether it be one ton or 100 tons.

They All Wish to Return.

A correspondent writes this magazine that farming in Northern Alberta is not in the least calculated to please those farmers who, after reading alluring circulars, in which riches are placed almost within their grasp, are tempted to move from our Northwestern States to new homes across the border.

"Many families," he says, "go up there every spring, but they all wish themselves back in the States within a year. Last spring," he

as rich as any I ever saw, but what good is that if you cannot sell what you raise and if the weather freezes two out of three crops? A settler told me that in 1895 there were eight inches of snow on the ground on the sixth of August. I broke ice, on the 25th of June, to wash myself. All the ground is covered with a dense undergrowth, and has to be grubbed out. The country is full of bogs—what the natives call "slues"—and alkali beds. I traveled over hundreds of miles of Northern Alberta, and never saw anything but log huts or "shacks" in the country. The C. P. R. R. charges passengers five cents a mile. The Canadian Government lets you in duty free, but if you wish to leave the country they will tax you for having come in. I think Minnesota and other Northwestern farmers ought to know about these things, as it may be the means of keeping them at home. I met a large number from Minnesota, and they would all like to get back."



As It Were.

A New York man named Flame had a judgment of \$20,000 assessed against him in a breach of promise suit. Mr. Flame's little affair seems to have been a rather expensive spark.—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.*

Bringing It Home.

The editor of the Hiawatha (Kas.) *World* declares, in some heat, that "some of our best citizens who sit about in their shirt-tails on summer nights are quite indignant over the Seeley exposure.—*Duluth News-Tribune.*

A New Industry Wanted.

The Walla Walla (Wash.) *Statesman* has solved the problem of what to do with jack-rabbits after they are skinned. It is to start a cannery and ship them to Chicago for canned chicken. Years ago it was a great industry in Boise City to catch crickets, roast them, knock their legs off and ship them to Silver City as peanuts.

Work Stares Him in the Face.

The editor of the Ottawa (Idaho) *Beacon* makes the following plaint to his readers: "We are out of wood, out of meat, out of flour, out of money, and almost out of patience. We have a number of subscribers on our books who have promised to pay up their subscriptions with food or fuel, but we have waited these three, five, nay, seven years almost, and there is no relief in sight. Our family is suffering for the want of a good, square meal. If something is not done, and that quickly, the *Beacon* will go out into everlasting night and we will have to go to work. Pay up in 'any old thing.'"

A Choir's Intelligent Co-Operation.

In a Chicago church, recently, the choir started up that touching hymn, "O What Must It Be to Be There," at the conclusion of an eloquent sermon on "Hell." It might be supposed that their sense of the fitness of things was about on a par with that of another choir which sang

This is the way I long have sought
And mourned because I found it not

at the wedding of an old maid, were it not that the singers had in all probability been amusing themselves, after the manner of their kind, by writing notes on the blank leaves of the hymn-books instead of listening to the sermon, of which they couldn't tell the subject.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Branagin's Report.

A railroad man told me the following incident, which he swore by the air-brake was true: Branagin, the conductor of a freight-train, was very careful to telegraph the superintendent about any accidents or delays that overtook him when out on the road. The superintendent got tired of these kind of long-continued stories of misfortune, which were wearing out the telegraph wires, and he called Branagin up on the carpet and told him to let up; no more four-page messages every time he pulled out a draft-iron or stopped to pack a hot-box. He was notified to make things short.

The next trip out, Branagin got two box-cars off the track. After he got them back on and the train was coupled up to go, he went into the

telegraph office to send his report. Just as he was about to start out on an elongated account of the accident the superintendent's orders flashed across his mind, and, grabbing up the pen, he wrote:

"Two cars off and on agin; gone agin. Branagin."—*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*

The Crane Wore Buttons.

A few days ago a prominent druggist in The Dalles rose at break of day and, shouldering his favorite fowling-piece, hied away to the banks of the Columbia in quest of a mallard. No ducks were found, but a long, hungry-looking blue crane arose from the bank of the river, and, with a defiant squawk, bid the hunter good morning and started in the direction of the Populist State across the stream. Our hunter fired both barrels of his gun at the departing bird, and saw something fall, but the crane kept on in its flight. Hastening to the spot where the object had fallen, the druggist found a campaign-button on which was inscribed:

"You never touched me!"

The quest for mallards ended right there.—*The Dalles (Ore.) Times-Mountaineer.*

Put Him Back in Your Pocket.

The grocer was weighing some sugar for the woman in the dyed blue bonnet when the man in the black frock-coat and yellowish-white tie, who had been standing in the door for some minutes, came inside and laid a silver quarter on the counter.

"I picked it up on the floor, just at the steps," he said. "It must belong to you. A quarter or a thousand dollars, sir,—it is the principle of the thing that I look at. I want nothing that is not mine. There is the money."

The grocer laid a large forefinger on the quarter and shoved it back across the counter.

"But, sir, you or one of your clerks must have dropped it, and it rolled over there. My motto has always been—"

"I pelieve," said the grocer, "dot you yooost moved your family in dot house across the street dis morgen; vas it not so?"

"Yes, sir, I did; and, it being convenient, we expect to do a good deal of tra—"

"You put dot quarder back in your pocket right away quick. Dot vos not mine quarder. You put him back in your pocket, und ven your wife comes ofer vor dose groceries, you vill remember dot my derms vos spod cash, efery time."—*Husbandman, White Sulphur Springs, Mont.*

His Intuition Slipped a Cog.

While in the district-clerk's office the other day, says the Bozeman (Mont.) *Chronicle*, a lean, lank, ambling specimen of humanity came slowly in and, shuffling up to the wall near the door, proceeded to prop up that portion of the building at an angle of sixty-five degrees. He gazed about like a man with something on his mind, though it was plain to see that he was not often troubled in that way. His mind had not been flattened by anything he ever had on it. Dan McElwee looked up quickly, his countenance assumed a severe aspect, and calling us aside, he said:

"It is strange how easily and quickly I can detect a man after a marriage license. They have but to get inside of that door when instinct immediately informs me that another victim of misplaced confidence and matrimonial misery is about to commit the great indiscretion of his life. And I am always correct in my deductions. The men I spot as license-seekers are always such. My intuitive knowledge has never played me false. Now, that duffer over there is one of those deluded individuals. He has probably been over to the county-clerk's office and been fired over here.

He is waiting around until he can catch one of us alone, when, like a man who has committed murder and is weak enough to confide in a friend, he will let his story leak out. It's strange that every man who wants a marriage license should be afraid of his own shadow and go about it like a felon, expecting to be grabbed by an officer at any minute. I'll just tap him off and show you that I never make a mistake in my man."

With this he turned to the waiting mortal and remarked:

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

Looking carefully about him and lowering his voice to a whisper, the stranger said:

"I want a license."

Dan turned to us and then, with a knowing, self-satisfied smile, said to the man:

"What is your age?"

"Twenty-three."

"Where were you born—county, town, and State?"

"Hoop-pole County, Jasperville, Indiana."

"What is your father's name?"

"John Henry Shirtsifter."

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Mary Jane Hobensack."

"Ever married before?"

"Nope," replied the stranger, slowly and surprisedly.

"What is the name of the lady whom you wish to marry?"

"Helsfire! I don't wish ter marry nobuddy; I want a license ter peddle meat!"

How the Secretary Saved Money.

A neat little joke is being told at the expense of the secretary of the Anaconda Racing Association. Mr. Kinney, the gentleman in question, owns a fine and very highly esteemed fox-terrier. Just before starting on a trip, one day, he happened to remember that the dog-catchers were abroad in the land and that his own special dog was in arrears. He didn't care about paying the license, but he did want to save the dog from arrest. It was time for him to go to the train, however, and the dog, he feared, would have to take care of himself. With this fear still haunting his soul he strode forth into the street and was soon down-town in the vicinity of the depot.

But, hah! What luck! Chancing to look across the street he saw a dog-catcher—whom he knew and in whom he could trust. Approaching him hurriedly he handed the fellow a dollar and remarked, earnestly:

"This is for you, John. I'm going away for a few days, and I want you to see that the dog-catchers let my fox-terrier alone. Don't let them touch him, John, not for your life."

"That's all right, boss," the man replied; "no one 'll take your dog up, sure!"

With this official assurance of safety to his beloved canine, the secretary was relieved of a great burden and pursued his way joyfully.

"I tell you," he remarked to a group of friends whom he met at the station, "a man's got to be pretty smart to live in this country. I just saved three dollars by giving a man one dollar." And then he told his story.

A few days afterward, when Mr. Kinney had returned from his trip, the dog was nowhere in sight. He sought him in his usual haunts, but the dog still remained in seclusion. At last a friend suggested that he might possibly find his pet in the city pound, and thither he went. Sure enough—there he was, in company with as disreputable a lot of dogs as could be corralled in a month!

It cost the thrifty secretary a five-dollar bill to set his dog free—four dollars for dog-tax and one dollar for dog-feed. He said nothing about it to his friends—not to those whom he had

met in the depot, until they began to speak of the dejected appearance of his pet and to wonder at the cause.

"That's all right, boys," said Mr. Kinney. "Don't you worry over that dog. He recognizes you now as the worst villains in Anaconda, and he is dejected for the simple reason that he can never hope to emulate your dodgasted treachery!—Anaconda (Mont.) Recorder.

Poison Carrots' Revenge.

Those unhappy creatures whose family affairs Editor Pierce has so often shown up in the Grafton (N. D.) Recorder,—Poison Carrots and Poison's mother-in-law and hired man,—are said to have fairly ached for a good chance to "get back at 'im."

All things are said to finally come the way of him and her who wait. Poison saw his chance when he learned that the newspaper man had been appointed to a position on Governor Briggs' staff and must thereafter be addressed as "Colonel." It made him red-headed for a moment, until an inspiration blew around the corner in the teeth of a dying blizzard and worked its way into the crevices of his intellect.

He was standing in the doorway of a suspicious-looking restaurant when the thought

and the doctor's office and the other drug-store—wherever they had a telephone, Poison made his relentless round. The entire exchange had nearly been rung up, and there had ensued a grateful pause in the electrical disturbance at the Recorder office, when there was a ring. Pierce's new store teeth were grinding hard, and he had some words ready behind them which were intended to melt all wire connection with the outer world.

But when a gentle, familiar feminine voice said sweetly, "Mr. Carrots has just called to say that his hired man has a real, genuine army saddle that—" he feebly hung up the receiver. A little later he began work on an obituary notice of the Carrots family, whose portraits appear on this page. Ere they passed to the great beyond it was thought best to "secure the shadow." Poison had his revenge, and it was sweeter than all the roses.

J. C. H.

Was Glad to Serve Him.

An attorney not a thousand miles from Walla Walla, if the Statesman of that pretty Washington town is to be credited, is rather noted for the facility with which he forgets financial obligations. He has owed a certain grocer \$8 for a year or two, and all efforts to collect the

been to town before since he was young, and, of course, he noted many changes. His owner stopped in front of Chesterman's morgue, and the bull took a critical survey of Hotel Crookston. It was the first time he'd ever seen it, and he was considerably interested in the job of dehorning the architecture on the cornice. While looking it over, school broke loose for dinner and about a thousand kids came along. They succeeded in frightening the animal into a frenzy, and he didn't do a thing but start the team a-running away.

They didn't go far, but Mr. Bull managed to upset the rig,—which, by the way, was loaded with live hogs,—and then, with the rear sled hitched to his horns, he took a "sashay" around the street, charging on every thing in sight. Several narrow escapes were made, and the enraged animal finally landed in a deep snowdrift near the St. Louis Hotel. Here he pawed up snow and snorted defiance, while a crowd of 500 people considered ways and means of catching the brute, varied at intervals by quick moves made with a view to dodging his charges.

Doctor Dampier favored chloroforming him. Andy Stephens wanted to telegraph for the bank examiner to come and pass upon the legality of his issue. Halvor Steenerson said



THE HIRED MAN.



HON. POISON CARROTS.



AND HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

THE FAMILY WHOSE TRIBULATIONS HAVE BEEN SO ENTERTAININGLY RELATED IN THE GRAFTON, N. D., RECORD.

struck him. Feeling carefully in his trousers pocket for the proceeds of a sale of eggs his mother-in-law had trusted him with, Poison made his way cautiously back to the rear of the grimy place. A rickety structure that answered for a bar greeted his nervous gaze into the dimly-lighted room. For, mind you, Poison was unaccustomed to such surroundings. He quietly poured out a dose of the wood-alcohol with plug-tobacco flavor which was set before him, shut his eyes and drank it. A convulsive working of the muscles in his face told that the medicine had encountered a tenderfoot stomach and got the best of it. But Poison bravely held himself together and went to work on his inspiration.

He went into the nearest drug-store and requested the clerk to telephone to Colonel Pierce, asking the latest quotations on frozen hens. The Recorder man answered the question very pleasantly. He began to grow suspicious, however, after he had answered half-a-dozen calls within half-an-hour, replying to such questions as, "Do you take brass buttons on subscription now, 'colonel?'" "Have you ordered your cheese-knife?" etc.

But Poison kept at it. From the drug-store to the meat market, and then to the grocery

bill have met with failure. The other day the grocer concluded to try a new course with the lawyer. Meeting him on the street, he said:

"I have a customer who owes me a small bill and has owed it for a long time, but who won't pay. What would you do?"

"I'd sue him," said the lawyer, emphatically.

"Well, I will put the account in your hands," said the grocer, and he presented his account against the lawyer himself.

"All right, I'll attend to it," said the disciple of Blackstone, not in the least disconcerted.

A few days later the grocer received the following note from the lawyer:

"In the case of ——— against ———, I took judgment for full amount of your claim. Execution was issued and returned. No property found. My fee for obtaining judgment is \$10, for which amount please send check. Will be glad to serve you in any other matters in which you may need an attorney."

A Winter Circus in Crookston.

He was a fine specimen of a Holstein bull, and he came to town tied to the hind "ex" of a bobsled driven by Edward Lancetot. He hadn't

he was crazy and proposed to get a writ of quo warranto and bring the brute before the probate court. Sam Rosenthal said that if he had a handful of salt to put on his tail he could catch him easy enough.

But while the crowd was arguing a rope was procured, the sled lassoed and drawn up to a telephone-pole, and the animal was secured.

One of the bystanders grew poetical, and here's the result.

ODE TO A BULL-CHASED MAN.

"Linger not, brother,
There by the morgue,
That bull might take offense
At your big dog;

Should he but charge on you, he'd spoil your face;
Therefore you'd better seek some safer place.

"Linger not, brother,
There on the street;
You have a mother
Whom you would greet.

Never again would she fondle her boy,
If with your coat-tails that bull should toy.

"Linger not, brother,
Near to the sled
The cuss is tied to;
'Twould strike you dead

Should he but swing it. Safer a hole
Deep in the ground—or a telephone-pole,"

—Crookston (Minn.) Times.

THE POOR FARMER.

It seems to be the fashion in our day
To speak of farmers in a pitying way,
As though their lot in life is hard and bare,
And in its blessings they can have no share.
The politicians call them, to their face,
The white slaves of the Anglo-Saxon race,
And the "Poor Farmer," till each ax is ground,
Must be the grindstone, ever turning round.
They pity him because the snows will fall—
Are often deep—and he must breast them all;
They pity him because of summer's heat,
A fall in pork, or else a fall in wheat;
But, most of all, they pity him because
The mortgage on his farm has not a clause
Which binds it closely to repay itself,
But must be paid with work turned into pelf.
A mortgage is a friend which helps you hold
A pleasant home, with fields of green and gold,
Until it's fairly won and you can clasp
An honest independence in your grasp.
They well might pity him who keeps a store
With goods on credit, and bad debts a score;
Who toils and worries, yet can never be
But just one step ahead of bankruptcy.
But he who steps on land which is his own,
Needs no more pity than the king on throne!
What though he toils? Life is not meant for play,
Nor are we midgets of a summer day,
And he who sees the miracle of dawn
Change into jewels all the dew-wet lawn;
Who hears the matin song of each sweet bird
Swell into waves till leaf and branch are stirred;
Who, looking from his shelter through the rain,
Sees the great bow arch earth and cloud again;
Or from his corner by the household fire
Sees the snow pile its mounting spire on spire,
Knowing that he has roof-tree, warmth, and food,
Secure till nature wears her genial mood,—
What asks he more than kindly fate has given?
Who seeks for more, would have this world a heaven.
Even when the spring-time brings long hours of toil,
He is not caged with crowds who strive and moil;
His broad fields are his workshop, and the sky
Is his grand roof-tree; soft winds wander by,
And while they breathe of hope, with gentle art
They sing this song unto the reaper's heart:—

He must sow who fain would reap—
Hide the golden treasure deep;
Many a day the winds will come,
Suns will shine above its home;
Many a day the rains must fall,
Ere the harvest blesses all.
Let the warm earth hide the grain;
Trust the sunshine and the rain;
Day of storm or day of cheer,
Each shall bring the harvest near.
In your heart this promise keep—
He who sows shall surely reap!

The summer deepens, and sweet days go by;
The glorious pageant of the earth and sky
Unrolls its loveliness and fairer grows
Between the bloom of lilac and of rose:
The droning wild-bees find the clover sweet,
And waves of light move swiftly o'er the wheat.
Tired with long toil, yet full of hope and cheer,
The farmer marks the passing of the year;
The patient horses strive to do his will,
The happy herds feed on the grassy hill,
The noisy fowls throng at the housewife's call:—
Each does his part, and nature blesses all.
Now all the forces of the earth and sky
Have brought the triumph of the seasons nigh;
The grass is brown where scythes flashed keen and bright.

The corn grows yellow in the sun's fierce light.
Far as the eye can reach, we see unrolled
Wide fields of grain, with drooping heads of gold.
The stalks which gaily danced when winds awoke,
Now meekly wait the sickle's deadly stroke;
And breezes loiter, as they pass along,
To catch the first notes of the harvest-song:—

O, the golden harvest time!
O, the glorious harvest-time!
When the earth is full of beauty
And the year is in its prime;
When the laughter of the children
And the lowing of the kine,
With our hearts' unshadowed lightness
Keeps a merry, ringing chime;
When the long, bright days of summer,
Growing softer and more tender,
With the faintest, sweetest shadows
Veil their fervency of splendor!

When the laden carts are moving
Homeward o'er the furrowed field,
And the reapers fill our gran'ries
With the earth's abundant yield;
When all night the moon is shining,
And the trees so softly shiver
At the kisses of the breezes
That you scarcely can see them quiver!
When the rosy fruit is hanging
On the trees so heavy laden,
While around them, laughing, gather
Many a merry youth and maiden,
Singing in their happy labor
Of the pleasant harvest-time,
When the earth is full of glory
As young hearts are full of rhyme!
O, the golden, glorious harvest,
O, the perfect harvest-time,
When the world is full of beauty,
And the year is in its prime!

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

Rock Elm, Wis.

BICYCLING ON SOUTH DAKOTA'S RANGES.

While in South Dakota last summer a book-agent had occasion to cross one of the great cattle-range districts. He was making the trip on a bicycle, and up to this time the journey had been very enjoyable. Now, however, he was destined to meet with trials and tribulations that would be worth telling to his unborn grandchildren. He knew nothing of these untamed range cattle, and, alas, the cattle were equally as ignorant of scorching bicyclers.

According to our correspondent,—a voracious chronicler of South Dakota happenings,—the agent was making good time and lifting a free and easy soul to heaven, without a single fear of the browsing herds upon the rolling plains, when all at once the proverbial change came o'er the spirit of his dreams. One of the steers, more curious and observant than the others, spied the strange-looking vehicle and was tempted to follow it. By and by other cattle joined in the chase, and then the entire herd became interested.

The agent began to grow nervous and increased his speed, but this only whetted the curiosity of the cattle and they pounded along after him at a rate that was incredible to the agent.

The situation grew decidedly alarming. The mild inquisitiveness of the steers had changed to anger, and they were going to run that peculiar species of cowboy down if it took all summer. Fortunately for the agent, the cowboys on the range saw his peril, rode to his rescue, and succeeded in diverting the cattle from the hapless rider. It is probable that he will not care to canvass in that part of the country any more—not on his bicycle.



NINETTE M. LOWATER,
Author of the poem entitled "The Poor Farmer."

MINNESOTA'S RESOURCES IN OUTLINE.

A glance at a map of this country will show that Minnesota is the Central-Northern State of the Union. West of it lie the broad fields of the Dakotas and the rich mineral and agricultural resources of Montana and the Pacific Northwest; east of it are Wisconsin and the older States, and the great lake waterways that reach to the seaboard. On the north are the tributary Provinces of the Dominion of Canada, and on the south are the market-fields of Iowa, Nebraska and Northern Illinois.

Of all this great Northwest territory the cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth are the natural depots of supply. The accompanying illustration outlines the relative position of these cities and the channels which will make them the dominant commercial marts of the Northwest for years to come. At the base of the hand, and sweeping away to the South, is the Mississippi River. Northeast of Minneapolis and St. Paul is Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, the water route to the open sea. Upon this waterway floats a fleet of over 3,000 vessels, the tonnage of which exceeds a million and a quarter tons. If we look at the mighty hand of trade and commerce herein portrayed, we will see that three distinct lines of railway run from the Twin Cities to the lake, and that several other lines connect Duluth and the outside world with the great iron ranges in the northeastern part of the State. And while on this subject, it may be as well to mention the important fact that since the discovery of these iron mines, a few years ago, over 100,000,000 tons of high-grade ore have been taken out. Last year the entire Lake Superior region furnished a total of 9,663,339 gross tons of iron ore. Of this amount Minnesota contributed 4,019,000 tons, as against 5,644,339 tons from Wisconsin and Michigan combined. It is estimated that nearly \$250,000,000 have been invested in mines, docks, railways and vessels in developing these wonderful iron deposits. These ranges are now supplying nearly all the Bessemer steel in this country, and their ore bodies have scarcely been touched.

There are other railways that reach the head of navigation by more circuitous routes—lines that tap the grain-fields of the Northwest and carry to the lake ports the bountiful products thereof. At the close of navigation last fall it was found that 69,399,565 bushels of grain had been transported by water from Duluth to the markets of the East. For all practical purposes, therefore, Minnesota is a seaboard State.

Leaving the iron ranges, the reader may return to St. Paul and Minneapolis and trace the channels of trade that reach out in other directions. It will be noted that these two cities are wonderful railway centers. Two great transcontinental lines have their headquarters in St. Paul. The railway systems of the Northwest center in these two cities—find in them a commercial magnet where traffic of all kinds focuses. Seven lines run Eastward, three run to Lake Superior, five penetrate to Manitoba and the Northwest, four go through to the Pacific Coast, three run toward the Southwest, and four cleave the State's rich harvest-fields and extend far into the South itself. Many of these roads tap the world's greatest bread-producing

regions. Out of Minnesota in 1895, according to the latest Government returns, came \$68,963,365 worth of wheat, oats, rye, barley, flax, corn, buckwheat, hay and potatoes. The dairy products were worth \$20,000,000 more. In the city of Minneapolis alone over 13,000,000 barrels of flour were manufactured. Minnesota is the greatest flour manufacturing section of the world, and her scores of big mills at Duluth, New Ulm, Little Falls and elsewhere help to swell the total value of this product well along toward the \$100,000,000 mark. Other millions are to be credited to the State for the logs and lumber that come out of the great forests and for eggs, poultry, hides, furs, and the vast volume of business transacted annually by jobbers and manufacturers in strictly mercantile lines. Incidentally, also, it may be mentioned that the live stock of the State was given a valuation, in 1895, of \$46,229,683. Thus it is that all the wealth of the iron mines in the Mesaba and Vermillion ranges and of gold in the Rainy River region; all the quarries of building-stone and riches of extensive pine and hardwood forests; all the food-fish of the lakes and rivers and the mighty resources of a great agricultural, milling, stock-raising and dairying State, go to fortify Minnesota's perfect confidence in the future magnitude of her trade and commerce.

But the railways that center in Minnesota's chief markets do more than traverse the surface of this one State. They run to the granaries and cattle-ranges of North and South Dakota; they stretch out to the mines and live stock resources of Montana and to the productive States of Washington, Oregon and Idaho. From the Dakotas come millions of bushels of yellow grain, tons of butter and poultry and thousands of cattle and sheep. From Montana's wonderful mines, last year, came \$41,960,000 worth of gold, silver, copper and lead—and we do not know how many dollars' worth of coal. Her live stock industry, for this same year, netted the State \$8,500,000, and other millions came from the sale of wool and agricultural products. Out of Washington, last year, came \$33,840,488 worth of fruit, grain, lumber, coal, precious metals, dairy products and canned salmon, no account being taken of the valuable outputs from other sources of production. Oregon and Idaho are great wealth-producing States, also. They have their mines, their fruit; and their grain, lumber, sheep and cattle.

All these States must use the railroads that run from Minnesota to the Coast. Minnesota ships to and receives from the Northwest. The great arteries of trade and commerce outlined on this page are never idle. Through them and by means of them, our wholesalers and

manufacturers are able to cultivate profitable fields in every direction and to place a controlling hand on the commercial interests thereof. Within this territory now are nearly five million souls; ten years hence there will be eight million, and within two decades the population of the Great Northwest will not fall short of a round fifteen million of the most progressive people on earth. Individually and collectively, the States composing this broad division of the Union have within themselves all the elements of prosperity. Viewed from the shores of the Father of Waters here in the capital city of Minnesota, it is indeed a flatter-

upon what is now known as the "south belt" of the Rossland District. They were awaiting the return of a member of their party who had been sent to Nelson for additional supplies. Time hanging heavily on their hands, one of them proposed that they climb the adjacent mountain and prospect an open spot that was cleared of timber and underbrush by the wild fires of the forest. And there, almost within stone's throw of the old trail leading to the Wild Horse placers of East Kootenai, along which thousands of adventurous miners had passed in their search for the golden fleece they staked out a group of mines which have since become famous the world over.

How to have the claims recorded was then the problem, none of the prospectors having the few dollars required for that form of the law. Some of the ore was taken to Nelson and shown around the camp until it came to E. L. Topping, who conducted a little store and was disposed to venture a few dollars. A bargain was struck. Topping was to pay for the recording of the group, and take for his pay the pick of the claims. He chose the Le Roi.

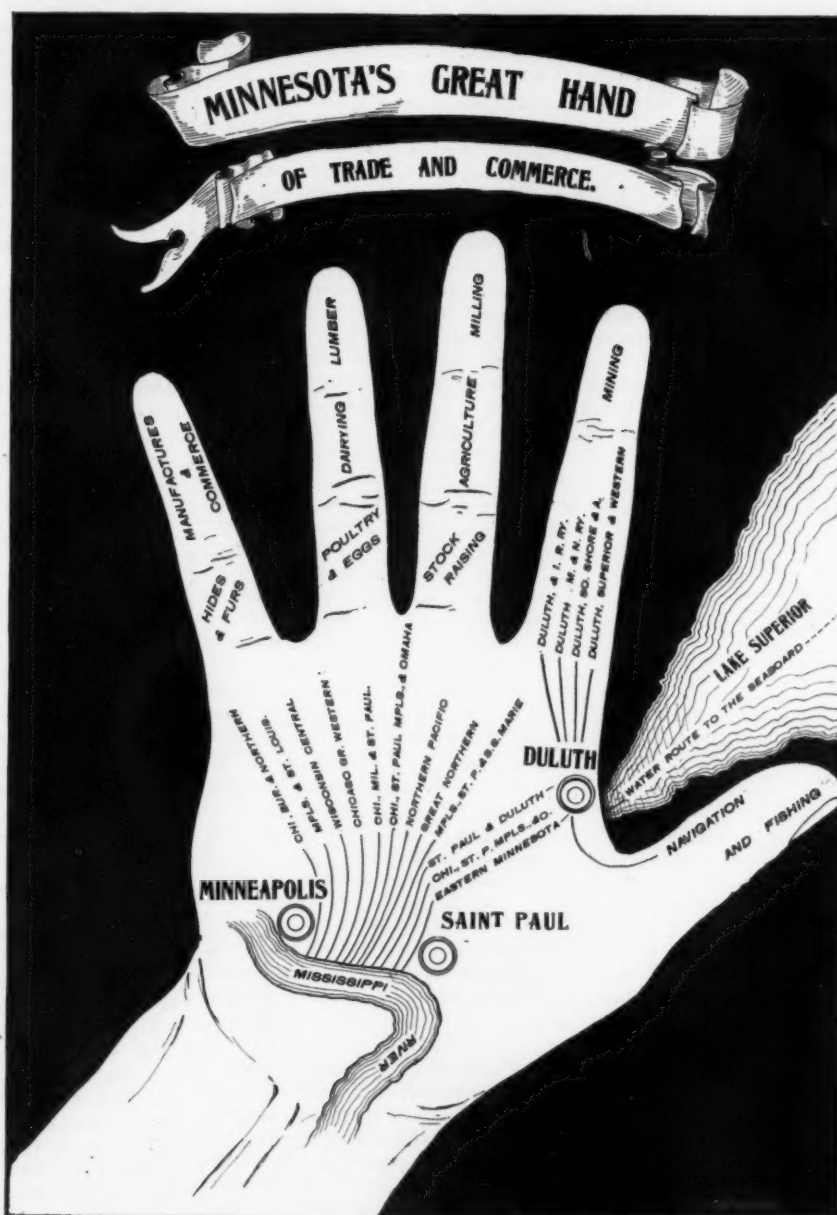
A year or so later some Spokane attorneys were in attendance at court in Colville. Topping was there, and he brought his claim to the attention of George M. Forster and Colonel W. M. Riddpath.

It struck their fancy. They bonded it, and then organized a company for the purchase and development of the property. The stock cost the original holders a few cents per share. It will now bring as many dollars.

Let not the dreamer imagine that these great rewards have come with slight effort. The mine lay in the primeval wilderness, remote from lines of transportation. Harder, tougher rock was never drilled than that which is locked in the treasure-vaults now open to easy access. Roads had to be built, buildings erected, supplies purchased and taken in at heavy cost, and miners kept drilling at large wages.

Pluck, persistence and indomitable determination have converted the Le Roi into one of the great mines of the world. And this superb achievement was brought about by self-sacrificing, courageous men—knowing little of mining, and having to work out problems which the experts declared could not be brought to successful solution.

BLACK HILLS GOLD.—In the twenty years that have elapsed since the first settlement of the Black Hills, the enormous sum of over one hundred and ten millions of dollars have been produced in gold alone. The output for 1896 amounted to \$8,235,000.



ing prospect that beckons our men of means and business on to new triumphs in territorial development. May they never lose their grip.

THE FINDING OF THE LE ROI.

The Spokane *Spokesman-Review* says that the story of the Le Roi mine, which lies in the Rossland District of the Kootenai (B. C.) Country, and for which several million dollars were offered recently and refused, is one of the real romances of Western life and enterprise.

On a languid summer day a little group of prospectors, at the end of their provisions and powder, were assembled around a tent pitched



DON'T PLANT THE BITTER RUE.

Now let's commence all over,
While all the world is new,
We'll plant lots of thyme and clover,
And not plant any rue;
And on the pathways round about
We'll plant the sweetest flowers.
And love shall thrive and kindness grow
In life's sunshine and showers.
The flowers from this sweet gath'ring
Will cheer all the summer through,
If we just plant the sweetest things
And do not plant the rue.

Yes, let's commence all over,
And live so good and true,
That we'll garner thyme and clover
And not the bitter rue.
All good thoughts and words and deeds
Shall in our garden fare
As fragrant flowers, instead of weeds—
And not a single tare!
And then the harvest gathered in—
If we have planted true—
Of fruits and seeds, of words and deeds,
With not a bit of rue!

We'll find that fragrant violets
Will thrive in thorny places,
And columbine, and myrtle, too,
The barest hill-side graces.
Do not mind the thorns that wound,
Nor the winds that blow at will;
The leaves, tho' fallen to the ground,
We'll find them fragrant still.
Then let's commence all over,
While all the world is new,
And plant lots of thyme and clover,
And not the bitter rue.

Arcadia, Wash.

HARRIET L. INMAN.

Care of Young Plants.

The young slips and plants just starting into growth will need very few stimulants, and those that have finished blooming will want a good rest instead of being forced into fresh efforts. But the budding plants, and those in full bloom, will require plenty of food as well as moisture. This is best given in the form of liquid fertilizer, stable manure diluted with water until it is not very strong, or some of the many powdered fertilizers—about a teaspoonful to a gallon of water—or, for a change, add a little ammonia to the water, or soot from the stove-pipe, either sprinkled on the soil or made into a tea with which to water the plants. In using the liquid fertilizer, as in watering, be careful to have it lukewarm.

The Penny Habit.

In a paper on "The Ethics of Money Spending," read recently before a woman's club, the penny habit was noted and condemned. It referred to the stream of pennies which flows most perennially in some families from parents and guardians' pockets to the slippery fingers of the children. Most American children have too much spending-money. Even the boys and girls of very poor homes have, while the weekly wage is being earned, an unwarrantable proportion of pennies to waste. Money got thus without effort and in unlimited flow gives a child a false, or rather no appreciation of its value, and makes a sharp lesson later in life a necessity. It was conceded in the discussion which followed the paper that the task of teaching a child the true value of money without making him a little miser or a too shrewd penny-getter was a difficult one. Perplexed mothers were urged to work out the problem according to the individual needs and characteristics of their children, and certainly not turn their backs

upon it because of its intricacies. The method in most English homes is to be recommended. An English child has his allowance, threepence, or six cents a week being considered ample in very well-to-do families. In addition he has certain perquisites, a market penny on market day always, in the country home, and other regular tips throughout the year. To these, however, he is held closely. Allowances to the children in American families are also very common. Too often, though, the child learns, if the allowance is spent promptly, that pleading of poverty before another installment is due will convert the too fond mother or father into a special providence for its alleviation.

Mrs. Astor's Chair-Covers.

When Mrs. John Jacob Astor went to Genoa, Italy, a year ago, she left word that her chairs in the parlor, library, guest and sleeping-rooms should be covered with a fine cretonne to preserve them from dust. There were 300 of them. A few days before sailing she revoked the order and sent for the material. She also ordered that a "slip-cutter" be sent to her house. "Now," she said to the slip-cutter, "I want you to measure these chairs and sew one cover. Then give me the patterns and we will make the remainder of the covers at home."

The slip-cutter, though loath to lose so excellent a job for his establishment, complied with the wishes of this industrious home-maker, and sent the cut-out slips.

Next day Mrs. Astor sat in her sewing-room personally superintending the making of the chair-covers. With a small model upon a stand in front of her, she basted the covers and instructed her maids how to put them together. By that little economical move the wife of a millionaire kept her home staff employed and fitted out her house with the prettiest of slip-covers. They were so ornamental that they have remained upon the chairs ever since.

To make covers for chairs—and many people desire to do so for a change as well as to save the more expensive coverings—it will be found that the secret lies in the treatment of the edges. A strictly "tailor-made" look must prevail. With loose-threaded fabrics it is a good plan to run a mullage brush, wet with photographer's glue, along the raw edges before stitching. All the sewing must be done by machine.

Important Rules for Measuring.

One heaping spoonful means as much as the spoon can possibly hold. One spoonful of flour, sugar, butter or lard, means a rounded spoonful or as much above the bowl as contained in it. A spoonful of spices or soda or salt means a level spoonful, the top being smoothed off with a knife. One-half spoonful means half the contents of the bowl divided lengthwise from handle to point. One cupful means always one-half pint. One-half kitchen cupful equals one gill. One kitchen cupful equals one-half pint, or two gills. Four kitchen cupfuls equal one quart. Four gills equal one pint. Two pints equal one quart. Four quarts equal one gallon. Sixteen ounces equal one pound.

Two cupfuls of granulated and two and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar equal one pound. One heaping tablespoonful of sugar equals one ounce. One heaping tablespoonful of butter or butter size of an egg equals two ounces, or one quarter cupful. One cupful of butter or two cupfuls of flour, equal one-half pound. Four cupfuls of flour or one heaping quart equal one pound. Eight rounding tablespoonfuls of dry material equal one cupful. Sixteen tablespoonfuls of liquid equal one cupful.

Three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder to one quart of flour. One even teaspoonful of

baking-powder to one cupful of flour. One level teaspoonful of soda and two slightly heaping teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar to one quart of flour. One level teaspoonful of soda to one pint of sour milk. One level teaspoonful of soda to one pint of molasses. One-half teaspoonful of soda to one cupful of milk soured by the juice of a lemon. One cake of compressed yeast has the same rising qualities as one cupful of liquid yeast. One-half compressed yeast cake should be sufficient for two cupfuls of milk and water. Use double quantity for buns. One tablespoonful of powdered sugar to the white of an egg is exactly right proportion for sweetening meringue. Three tablespoonfuls of sugar to one pint of milk and yolks of three eggs, sweeten custards.—*New England Farmer.*

Don't Reprove the Little Ones at Bedtime.

To send the children to bed happy should be one of the mother's most ordinary tasks. No little one should dread the bedtime hour, nor fear of the dark, nor be allowed to go to rest under a sense of disgrace or alienation from household love. Whatever the child's daytime naughtiness may have been, at nightfall he should be forgiven, and go to rest with the mother's kiss on his lips and her tender voice in his ears.

Hardly anything can be worse for a young child than to be scolded or punished at bedtime. The mother does well to be a little blind to some things, remembering that a good deal of childish culpability is superficial only, and washes off almost as easily as does the dirt which the evening bath removes from the skin.

The main thing with children is to have them well started with good principles, which they will carry through life. Obedience, truth, unselfishness, purity, are essentials, and these can all be lovingly cultivated and will flourish in the right home atmosphere.

When the nursery brood is undressed and in bed, the lights turned low, the room quiet for the night, the mother, or nurse, or elder sister, or the kind auntie, who is still to be found in some fortunate houses, should have a little fund of stories on which to draw for the small listeners' pleasure before they embark on the train for dreamland.

Fairy stories are always enjoyed by children, and the literature of fairyland is not far to seek. Imagination is very active in little children, and occasionally one meets a mother who does not understand the child's world, having forgotten her own early days and their illusions, or who is afraid that fancy and its imageries will lead their child into deceit. While the most exact and rigid truthfulness should be practiced in our dealings with children, and they themselves should be taught to shun equivocation and every form of lying, still we need not fear to let imagination give them pleasure.

They early learn to discriminate between the false and the true—or perhaps it would be better to say that they learn to find the truth wrapped up in the husk of the story. Our fairy lore is older than civilization. The same stories, with variations, have in all ages and climes been taught and told to children, and they have their origin in the needs and the heart of the race. Children thrive on fairy stories, and are the better able to grasp other literature if early fed on these.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Our April Scrap-Book.

To take fish odor from pans, wash with strong soda water.

Court-plaster should never be applied to a bruised wound.

Salt fish are most quickly and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

When grease is spilled on wooden flooring, cold water should be poured over it immediately. This hardens it so that it can easily be scraped away; otherwise it sinks in and repeated scrubbing will not get rid of it.

A careful housekeeper is often troubled by the tannin stains in fine china teacups. They may usually be removed by rubbing them with a little whiting on flannel. Salt will have the same effect, but it sometimes scratches very fine ware.

This "half-and-half" weather sets corns to stinging. A simple remedy is to take stale bread and soften it with good, strong vinegar. Bind it on the corn over night. After two or three applications the corn can be picked out. It takes out the soreness, too.

If you have a hollow tooth and it aches, cut a piece of clove to fit the cavity and put it in lightly, allowing the upper part to stick out like a cork in a bottle. It will soon swell, keeping the air from the nerve, and the pain will cease until the clove drops out, when it may be replaced.

Rubbing silver or plated eggspoons with a little liquid of ammonia and salt will remove the discoloration caused by the sulphur in the egg. The very best way to clean mirrors and windows is to rub them with a paste of whiting and water. When this dries, polish with a chamomile skin and remove the powder. A little alcohol in cold water gives a brilliant polish. Soapsuds should never be used.

Here is something worth trying, if you have an occasion: "There is no use walking the floor with a felon," says a gentleman who has had experience in that direction. "Wrap a cloth loosely around the felon, leaving the end open. Pour gunpowder in the end, and shake it down until the felon is covered; then keep it wet with camphor. In two hours the pain will be relieved, and a perfect cure will follow quickly."

In case of choking by artificial substance lodged in the throat, it often chances that a few violent slaps on the back may dislodge the obstacle and send it across the room. If a child swallows a coin, pin, marble, or anything that may lodge in the intestines and cause injury, do not give cathartics, as is often done, but give large quantities of bread, potatoes or other starchy food, which will form a bed around the article and prevent its injuring the internal organs until it passes away naturally.

Marble may be cleaned with common dry salt, which requires no preparation, but may be rubbed directly on the soiled surface, leaving the marble perfectly clean. Alabaster may be washed with soapsuds. If stained, whitewash the stains, and let it remain for several hours; then clean it off. Take the finest quality of ground pumice-stone and mix it with verjuice. Let it stand two hours; then take a sponge and rub the alabaster with the mixture. Wash it with a linen cloth and fresh water, and dry it with clean linen rags.

Shall Old Maids be Dubbed "Mrs.?"

There are several fatal objections to Mrs. Barr's scheme of calling all women "Mrs." after a "certain age." That very phrase, "certain age," kills it on the start. What real woman, married or single, would ever admit that she was a "certain age?" If there is any cheering, hopeful prophecy of the future in the life of the average woman, observes the *Philadelphia Times*, it is the dead-fast hold with which she clings to her youth. It is the prophecy of that time when women, and consequently all the

race, will be always young, always beautiful; when there will be no repulsive, decrepit old age for anybody.

Again, it is much harder for a woman to remain single than to be married. Of all the single women, young and old, whose acquaintance I have had the happiness to enjoy, I do not recall at this moment but one who never had an offer of marriage. That was a dozen years ago, however, and I don't know what has happened to her since. So far as my observation goes, the single woman of today remains so from deliberate choice, either because she has some earnest work with which matrimony would interfere, or because she has never had an offer of marriage to suit her. Women with a serious, enthusiastically cherished work of their own are wise enough to know that no man ever existed who is worth giving up one's individual life-work for; that is, it is not possible to run the man and the work too. Does

Mrs. Barr think it would add any dignity to the fame of Joan of Arc or Queen Elizabeth or Louise Michel to have "Mrs." tacked to her glorious name! Go to!

Under present conditions the married woman, even at her best estate, is always more or less restricted and hampered. It is not the fault of her husband so much as of church, State and society. The single woman is free to make of her life what she will. The single life is the life of liberty and splendid achievement; achievement which the married woman cannot hope to attain only under exceptionally favorable conditions. Let those who enjoy the single life, therefore, glory in its independence and opportunity. Let them keep the appellation of "Miss," and make the most of their freedom. The title of "Miss" cannot take away their dignity; the title of "Mrs." cannot add to it. The free, glorious woman herself is beyond all trivialities of that sort.



AN APRIL WELCOME.

Orchards bud on the hills afar,
Robins call to their mates at dawn,
Over the land, in a robe of green,
Beauteous April comes dancing on.
We of the Northland welcome thee,—
Open the gates of the Western Sea!

Furrows turn in the happy East;
Wheat is green, and the bluebird knows
Life is waking and love is sweet.
Shine, O sun, on our Northland snows!
Blow, O breezes, and set us free!
Open the gates of the Western Sea.

Blow, O wind of the gentle South!
Clear the ice from the harbor's mouth;
Waken the sleeping port, and shake
Banners of smoke down the idle lake.
Set the channels of commerce free,—
Open the gates of the Western Sea!

Soon shall willow and alder show
Green, where but now lies the drifted snow;
Winds of the forest shall waft to us
The odorous breath of the arbutus:—
Rest thee, April, awhile with me,
Here at the gates of the Western Sea!"
ELSIE JANET FRENCH.
Lake View, Minn.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, — EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ST. PAUL, APRIL, 1897.

ECONOMY IN COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

In these days of economies in small things as well as in great, when township, county and city expenditures are scanned closely and efforts are made to reduce the burden of taxation, the question may well be asked, whether, in the liberal and progressive spirit that has prevailed for nearly a generation in all matters concerning public instruction, the people have not gone too far, especially in sparsely settled communities, in providing themselves with school facilities. Local pride and local convenience have led to the establishment of school-districts and the building of expensive school-houses in neighborhoods where there are very few children to educate. The expense is a continuous one, for teachers must be employed and the schools be maintained year after year. One often sees on the prairies of North and South Dakota, and in some parts of Minnesota, a handsome school-house in a district which sends only ten or twelve children to school. The building would accommodate forty pupils, and the teacher could instruct that many. A large school develops interest in study to a far greater extent than is possible in a small school, where there are not children enough to group by ages and acquirements and to form into suitable classes.

The question we wish to raise for consideration is whether it would not be practicable, in sparsely settled regions, to consolidate three or four of the present schools into one? A part of the money thus saved might be devoted to a district transportation system for the convenience of pupils whose homes are too far from the school to permit of their walking. Such a system could be operated at small expense. A consolidation of three districts, with the school-house occupying a central location, might reasonably be expected to prove of great advantage to the entire neighborhood. The larger attendance would justify the employment of more capable teachers, the purchase of better school equipments, and create a spirit of emulation among the pupils that would advance them in their studies materially. For

general convenience, a centrally-located school would possess marked advantages over the rotation system—that of holding school first in one district school-house and then in another. Whichever system prevail, can anyone doubt that such a consolidation of rural school-districts would result in a higher degree of efficiency on the part of teacher and pupils and a great saving in school expenditures?

There are two counties in North Dakota that have 139 and 131 school-houses respectively, a total of 270. When all these schools are in session, the services of 314 teachers are required. The maintenance of this enormous number of schools and teachers calls for large sums of money. Instruction, fuel and insurance are three items of expense that must be incurred. If the school-house be built, it must be kept in repair; if a new school-building be proposed, a site must be provided and funds be found for construction purposes.

With all our pride in the truly excellent American public-school system, is it not probable that we are maintaining a superfluous number of schools at a double cost—the money cost to the taxpayer, and the cost of inefficient instruction to the children whom the taxpayer seeks to educate?

We throw this idea out as a suggestion only, and would be glad to have it discussed by our country exchanges. The tendency of public thought everywhere is towards lessening the burdens of government—national, State, and local. A very large share of the heavy load of taxation the people are now carrying comes from the public-school system. Here, as elsewhere, economies can wisely be effected without impairing the value of the schools.

FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The American Invalid Aid Society, an organization that has its headquarters in Boston, has for its aim the giving of advice and assistance to people afflicted with lung diseases whose lives may be greatly prolonged and whose entire cure is possible provided they can live in an absolutely dry climate. There are excellent names among the officers—such names as Rev. E. E. Hale, Hezekiah Butterworth, Louis C. Southard, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Dr. C. F. Nichols of Boston, and President Dwight of Yale University, the Northwest being represented by Dr. W. P. Roberts of Minneapolis, who is corresponding vice-president. The preference of the society in selecting homes for invalids has thus far been the table-land region of New Mexico and Arizona; but Dr. Roberts is wisely making inquiries as to the climatic conditions of the desert region of interior Washington and the experience of invalids who have spent a few years in that section. We are satisfied that the result of these inquiries will be to convince him that, for residence all the year round, the lower Yakima Valley and the valley of the Columbia, above and below the mouth of the Yakima, have special merits as localities for climate cure, and can show as good results as any of the much better-known resorts in the extreme Southwest. This question has been discussed a good deal during the past two years in the pages of this magazine, but we will only summarize briefly the points already made.

The bacillus of tuberculosis dies in a dry atmosphere; and the nearer the air is to absolute dryness, the more rapid and certain is the demise of the little infinitesimal creature that ravages the lungs of multitudes of people and causes the death of over 100,000 victims in the United States every year. If the person in whose system the bacillus has effected a lodgment can fly to the desert before the work of destroying tissue has progressed very far, a

complete recovery is certain. In the more advanced stages of the disease, the ravages of the enemy are checked by continuous breathing of dry air, and life can be prolonged many years. This is not a theory, like so many other statements of the doctors, but a fact abundantly demonstrated by science. It has been assumed, hitherto, by most of the New England and New York physicians, that only in New Mexico, Arizona and in the part of Southern California back from the seacoast, can the desired climatic conditions be found for combating and overcoming the tuberculosis germ. They have not looked to the Northwest, probably because they know little of the desert country in Washington, Oregon and Idaho, and also because their traditions lead them to warm latitudes. Now, heat is not by any means a desirable feature of climate cure; it is dryness, only, that is required. If this can be secured without the accompaniment of excessively high temperatures all the spring, summer and fall, so much the better.

There is another consideration of importance. Many invalids are able to do light work out of doors, and it facilitates their recovery for them to take moderate exercise instead of sitting around all day idle. In the semi-tropical region of Arizona and New Mexico, the heat is too great for people from the North to endure labor in the sun; whereas, in the temperate climate of the far Northwest, there are not many days in the year when outdoor labor is disagreeable. Furthermore, the invalid who goes to the Northwestern desert can make himself a home at small expense, under an irrigation canal, and engage in fruit-raising, bee-keeping, gardening, poultry-raising, the growing of vegetables for market, etc., and can keep a cow and a horse on an acre or two of alfalfa and thus do a good deal towards making a living from the start.

We shall not dispute the assumption that the climate of the three winter months is somewhat better for consumptives in the deserts of the Southwest than in those of the Northwest, but the question is, Which is the best region for a residence the whole year round? Very few of these people can change their habitat with the changing seasons. Nearly all of them must select some locality for a permanent home. They are not millionaires. They want to know where they can live with the best chances of getting well and with the least outlay of money. We hope that Dr. Roberts will continue his inquiries, and we shall be glad to publish his conclusions when he has pushed his researches far enough to enable him to judge of the relative merits of the Yakima and Columbia valleys.

THE FORESTRY RESERVE ORDER.

It is astonishing how much arbitrary power can be invested in a single man in a free country by ill-advised legislation of Congress. Some years ago a number of scientists took up the question of preventing the further destruction of forests on the public lands of the United States. The movement was a good one in itself, but had, like all other movements, great possibilities of exaggeration and abuse. The scientists were men living in the East, who approached the question from the theoretical standpoint, and who had very little familiarity with the actual conditions of settlement in the Western States. They got to work and marked blue lines on a map around immense areas of country lying along the main mountain ranges. They did not attempt to familiarize themselves with the resources of those areas apart from timber, or with their adaptability to settlement, or with the importance of their timber-growth to the welfare of the adjacent

regions, or with their general relations to the future industrial development of the States in which they are situated. They brought their forces to bear upon Congress, and secured the passage of an act authorizing the President to withdraw and set apart from homestead and mineral location any portions of the public lands he might think important to reserve for permanent forests. On the 22d of February last, President Cleveland issued an executive order establishing thirteen forestry reserves, containing the enormous aggregate of 21,379,840 acres, exempting only such lands lying within the designated districts as have been embraced in any legal entry in a United States land office, upon which valid settlement has been made pursuant to law, and all mining claims duly located and held according to law at the date of the order. All persons are warned in the proclamation not to enter or make settlement upon the lands reserved, and the prohibition applies equally to homestead settlement and to the location of mineral claims. The effect of this order, in numerous Western States, is to tie up vast areas of land which are the main dependence of those States for future industrial development and for immigration.

We have not space here to discuss the effect of the order in all the States in which these forestry reserves are located. We desire here to take up the State of Washington alone. In that State the reserves aggregate over 8,000,000 acres, and include nearly the entire forest district on the slopes of the Cascade Mountains and the Olympic Range, taking in valleys as well as foot-hills, and embracing a large number of active mining and lumbering camps. Around Mount Rainier alone, a peak that is in plain sight from the cities of Seattle and Tacoma, the reservations embrace 2,284,280 acres. The effect of the order is to put an absolute veto upon the extension of lumbering and mining industries in nearly one-third of the unoccupied area of the State of Washington. Important beginnings have been made in the mining of gold, silver and copper along the headwaters of many of the streams that flow from the Cascade Mountains into Puget Sound, and also on the eastern slopes of these mountains and in the large district lying farther east, which is covered by spurs and lateral ranges. There are, besides, some of the most important coal mines in the United States in the district reserved; and, while they can continue to be operated, it will be impossible to open any new mines. The effect of this order upon the future of Washington, if it be allowed to stand, will be as disastrous as it would have been to the State of Pennsylvania had the Government tied up from settlement, one hundred years ago, all that part of the State covered by the Alleghenies and the other ranges of the Appalachian system. Imagine what Pennsylvania would be today if the entire coal, iron and lumber districts of that State were still held as an unbroken wilderness for the purpose of maintaining the water supply in the rivers!

The people of Washington are protesting vehemently against the Cleveland proclamation. They are joined by the people of Montana, South Dakota, Idaho, California and other States. An earnest demand has gone up to Washington to President McKinley for the immediate revocation of the Cleveland order. It is believed that this is within the power of the new President to do. If it is not, then Congress will be asked to pass the necessary legislation. It is said that in issuing the order Cleveland did not consult a single representative of the States in which these forestry reservations are made. He went ahead, in his characteristic arbitrary and bull-headed man-

ner, to do what he thought was a good thing without asking Western Congressmen what they thought the effect would be upon their respective States and constituencies. Mr. Cleveland has never been farther west than St. Paul, and can have no conception of the peculiar physical conditions of the far Western States, or of their natural resources and the expectations of their people for further growth. The total lack of information displayed in the proclamation cannot be illustrated by a single statement. A part of the so-called forestry reserves in the State of Washington lies east of the Cascades and is in a semi-arid country, composed of rolling and hilly bunch-grass areas, on which no timber grows or ever will grow. On the west side of the Cascades the rainfall is enormous and the forest-growth is so prodigious that a century of lumbering operations would hardly make an impression upon it. It is ridiculous to attempt to preserve forests in a region so densely wooded that it is hardly light enough at midday, under the mass of overhanging branches, to read a newspaper with comfort.

The only wise course for President McKinley to take is to revoke the whole of the Cleveland order and have the question of forestry reserves taken up anew by some commission or board that will avail itself of the information of people living in the States affected and will consult their authorized representatives at Washington.

WORDS OF COUNSEL.

For years past THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE has given a good deal of advice on matters concerning the settlement and development of the Northwestern States and the social and material welfare of their people. We think we can say, without vanity, that many thousands of enterprising men and women have been led to establish themselves in this part of the great Republic by the counsel given in the pages of this periodical and the information here set forth concerning opportunities for acquiring new homes and establishing new enterprises. What we have to say concerning business operations and city, village and farm-life may not always have been said wisely, but it certainly was said with good motives, and, we believe, has been generally accepted in a kindly spirit. We now desire to talk a little with our readers upon the present condition of affairs in our part of the country, and the best course for people to take to improve the general situation.

We are gradually emerging from a long-continued period of depression—brought about in part by unwise and excessive speculation, in part by the too rapid creation of enterprises dependent upon a considerable population for their support, and in part by a vicious and inadequate money system and by a constant agitation in favor of making that system worse than it is. How soon we shall get entirely out from under the dark cloud and into the full daylight of prosperity, no man can tell. The outlook is more cheerful than it has been for three or four years, and there are many indications, here and there, which lead us to believe that the end of the hard times is close at hand. We do not expect, however,—and this we have often said before,—to witness any renewal here in the Northwest, or in any part of the Western country, of the period of rapid development, of great business activity and of opportunities for the quick making of money which preceded the financial collapse of 1893. Never again in this country will there be another such period as that, for the reason that the conditions which brought it about can never be renewed. What we can expect is a steady gain on all

lines of regular business effort, and a constant increase in population from year to year by a steady but moderate stream of immigration. We can also expect a fuller development of the natural resources of this region through the energy and prudence and the vigilant looking-about which comes in a time when men cannot go out in the street and make money by their wits. It is on this latter point that we wish to speak here.

It seems to us that the course of wisdom for earnest and active men in all the Northwestern States is to give a little time and thought to the study of the natural resources of the part of the country in which they live, with the view of finding new opportunities for business. The whole region, from Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast, is comparatively a new country. It has received only its first wave of settlement. The first settlers naturally occupied themselves with the easiest and most accessible opportunities for making money. It may be said that they skimmed off the cream, but there is plenty of good milk remaining. There is good land yet to be tilled; forests yet to be felled; quarries yet to be opened; mines yet to be exploited; immense and varied resources in almost all departments of human activity. The prudent man who thinks he sees an opportunity for establishing a new business, based upon some undeveloped source of natural wealth, will be cautious, however, in reaching conclusions. It is not enough, for example, to find a ledge of ore. The character of the ore and the width and continuity of the vein must be known, and then its relation to transportation and to smelters. So in regard to special products of the land. Establishing a market becomes a matter of the first importance. A sheep-ranch without water is of no value, no matter how luxuriant the herbage may be. A fir or cedar tract remote from rail or water transportation, has no present wealth. Many people have failed in the West, although possessed of capacity and business energy, because they have not studied the conditions carefully.

One valuable thing about the schooling of hard times, is that men are not nearly so likely now as they were in the boom-times to invest their money carelessly or lay out their energies upon schemes doomed in advance to prove unproductive. The man who has lived for a few years in the West and has gone through the period of hard times from which we are now emerging, is not very likely to make new mistakes. When such a man goes into a new business venture, he will feel pretty sure that such venture has a solid foundation. We look to see a great increase of projects involving diversified industrial effort, during the next few years. Such projects will offer increased employment for labor, and will bring about better home markets and improved social conditions. The man who plants an orchard, or opens a mine, or builds a mill or factory, or establishes a fishery, is, in a way, a public benefactor, because he is engaged in the creation of wealth out of materials furnished by Nature's own storehouse. Such men will in time find far greater satisfaction in their work than those who, a few years ago, were engaged in the exciting occupation of cutting acre property into town lots for sale to over-sanguine and self-deluded people.

MINERS OF GLACIER CREEK.—The miners of Glacier Creek, Alaska, have done a great deal of "burning" the past winter, which means to thaw out the frozen gravel by fire. Streams freeze solid at the beginning of winter. Wood costs \$4 a cord at the stump and \$10 or \$12 for hauling.



THE Northern Pacific Steamship Company has perfected traffic arrangements with the Natal Line—whose steamers run from China and Japan to South Africa—to connect with its boats at Foo Chow, China. This will give the Pacific Coast a close and regular steamer connection with the far-distant ports of South Africa, and will be the means of greatly increasing the volume of trade which already passes between the Coast and Natal, East London, Algoa Bay and other South African ports.

THE illustrated "Historical Edition" of the Pendleton *East Oregonian* would reflect credit on any newspaper in any city of fifty thousand inhabitants. The sixteen large pages of fine book paper are edited and printed with care and neatness, and contain a vast amount of information respecting Oregon's past and present. Pendleton, a town of some 4,500 inhabitants, is the county seat of Umatilla County, and the chief business center of Eastern Oregon. It has two railways, large financial resources, and a number of very important manufacturing industries.

AMONG the old railway projects that might be revived with profit in the near future is the long contemplated line between St. Paul and Minneapolis and the Black Hills Country in South Dakota. The building of such a road would add several million dollars annually to the business of the Twin Cities—a volume of wealth which now goes principally to Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City. While reaching out for trade extensions in other directions, it will not do to turn deaf ears to these people who, with all the riches of their territory, are willing and waiting to make St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth their chief points of trade.

A PROMINENT journal says that American literature will not be greatly bereaved in the demise of "Oliver Optic," whose death occurred last month. The opinion seems to us as ill-formed as its publication was premature. Literature suffers a loss in the death of any person whose pen has contributed so largely in building up healthful sentiments among the youth of our country. "Oliver Optic" has wrought no great work, it may be, nor has he achieved lofty fame; but he has served a purpose, nevertheless, and his juvenile books and sketches have helped to mold strong characters and in the minds of the younger generations, at least, entitle him to honorable mention among American litterateurs.

THE comparative youthfulness of many of our Northwestern cities is illustrated by the fact that the first white child born in Fargo is now but little over twenty-three years old. When Mr. L. A. Roberts was ushered into this world in September, 1873, the present metropolis of North Dakota was scarcely more than a settlement. His father, C. A. Roberts, had taken up a quarter-section where now is the principal residence portion of the city, and was proprietor of a meat-market. He afterward did work for the Government at Fort Lincoln, near Bismarck, and, still later, was associated with

Rufus Hatch in the construction of the first hotels in Yellowstone Park. He also built the Cooperstown branch of the Northern Pacific Railway. L. A. Roberts is still a resident of Fargo, while his father is farming in the southern part of the county.

WE wish to direct the attention of our fruit-growing readers to the article in this number entitled "American Apples in Germany." It is full of important particulars which fruit-growers in Washington and elsewhere will do well to consider. Now that the superiority of American apples has been established in Europe, the utmost care should be taken to maintain the highest possible standard of excellence. The emphasis which the article lays upon the necessity for care, judgment and honesty in packing the fruit is none too heavy, for if there is one failing which the average packer is addicted to, it is carelessness or utter shiftlessness and indifference when preparing fruit for market. Demand for fruit, and the prices paid therefor, depend largely upon its appearance and condition when finally exposed for sale. Selected with judgment and packed so as to keep them in good condition, the superior flavor and general excellence of American apples will win for them a permanent market wherever they may go.

AMONG the railroad rumors of spring—the season of the year, by the way, when such stories are usually plentiful—is one that the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company is going to build a line into the Kootenai mining district in British Columbia. We do not expect to see such a plan carried out this year, but in case the mining development in that region should continue with the remarkable activity that has characterized it during the past few years, another railroad might find business enough to do. My old friend, D. C. Corbin, has now the only line of all rail that runs to the flourishing camps on the Columbia and on Lake Kootenai. He built his Spokane and Northern road when there was hardly anything in sight in the way of traffic to warrant its construction. For several years he had a hard struggle to keep his road running. Now that he has begun to make a little money from it, I hope that he will be allowed to have the field for a few years. He certainly deserves some reward for his courage and sacrifices. In case the O. R. & N. should build to that region, it would probably use the Northern Pacific bridge over the Snake River near Pasco, then run up the eastern bank of the Columbia, crossing that stream at the mouth of the Okanogan, following the Okanogan up into British Columbia, and then striking eastward over a low range of mountains to Rossland on Trail Creek. A route across those mountains has already been surveyed, both by Mr. Corbin's engineers and by a new company organized under a British Columbia franchise. This line would give a connection both with the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, and would connect with the present system of the O. R. & N. at Wallula. It would develop a considerable mining territory in the Okanogan District that is now practically without value for want of railway facilities.

IT is written plainly that the day is not distant when the farmers of Minnesota and the Dakotas will be something more than hewers of wood and tillers of soil. For years they have been content to plow and sow and harvest their fields of wheat, oats and rye—selling the grain at a scant profit instead of turning it into beef, pork and mutton and thus becoming prosperous manufacturers. The signs of the time all

point to a discontinuance of the old-school methods of agriculture. In every section of the country is heard the diversification cry; and so earnestly and persistently is the new system being advocated by influential railway corporations and by the teachers in our agricultural institutes, that farmers everywhere are showing a disposition to give the innovation a fair trial. They will grow corn as well as wheat, and there will be barley, buckwheat, flax and other products alongside fields of oats and acres of rye. They will learn that the soil on which they move and the climate in which they have being are adapted to the cultivation of a host of things not dreamt of in their early philosophy, and the conning of this lesson will bring them a new measure of wealth and happiness.

THE signs of the time do not point to a diversification of crops only. Other improvements in farm methods are being taught. The recent convention at Carver, Minnesota, in which farmers and experts met to discuss sheep-raising and its ultimate benefits, showed clearly that hundreds of thousands of sheep can be cared for in this State annually. These sheep should be fed and fattened upon the farms of the State. A cheaply-constructed shed, an enclosed yard and some simple racks and feed-boxes constitute the necessary equipments. A million sheep could be fed upon our farms every year. No State grows more screenings; no State grows a larger or better variety of grasses. Corn can be raised, and the diversified plan of farming will yield many other products which could be converted into sheep, wool, and marketable mutton. But this process of manufacturing farm products into live stock is not limited to sheep. Swine and cattle should be fed and fattened, also. Pork, beef and mutton are always in demand, and farm products thus treated will return greatly increased revenues to producers who, by the old method, must be satisfied with the meager profit realized on the raw product.

THE sugar-beet question is being discussed with great and increasing interest throughout the entire Northwest. In Minnesota and in North and South Dakota, Washington and Oregon, especial interest is manifested. Satisfactory experiments have been made, and discussion has proceeded so far into the realm of profit that farmers have turned attentive ears to it. There is a gratifying willingness among our Northwestern agriculturists to put the adaptability of their soil to sugar-beet cultivation to the test. This is the more noticeable, for the reason that heretofore it has been almost impossible for beet-sugar promoters to secure the necessary co-operation of farmers, their timidity in such matters being proverbial. Of importance in this connection is the decision of the Agricultural Department at Washington to conduct extensive Government tests in several of the fourteen States that are classed as "sugar-beet States," with the view of determining the possibilities of beet culture therein. It is understood that Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin have already been selected as the first States in which these tests shall be made. Beet root seeds, which must be planted before the first of May, will be distributed to at least five farmers in every agricultural county in these great districts, with full instructions relative to planting and cultivation. It is probable that if other Northwestern States forward immediate requests for seeds, one or more of them will also be included in the favored list. The wisdom or unwisdom of legislating bounties to those who may engage in the sugar industry is a problem

the solution of which must wait upon tangible results, but there can be no difference of opinion respecting the advisability of putting our sugar-beet resources to the test.

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GRAND FORKS, N. D., is still cherishing dreams of water communication. There are enthusiasts in that handsome little city who believe that the time will come when a barge canal will be constructed by the Government up to Red Lake River to Thief River Falls, thence to Red Lake, and from Red Lake to Rainy River; and who also talk of a revival of the old navigation on the Red River down to Winnipeg and up to Fargo, and from Fargo south to Big Stone Lake, and so on into the Minnesota River and the Mississippi. I must confess that I have very little faith in the practicability of these schemes. They are all based upon the idea that heavy appropriations can be obtained from Congress. Now, Congress has about all it can do to get money enough to pay the current expenses of the Government, and it will probably be many years before there will be a surplus to spend upon large projects of waterways. When there is a surplus, the first enterprise to be taken up will unquestionably be that of a deep waterway for large vessels from Lake Erie to the Atlantic seaboard. Then, there is no possible way of figuring out an income from interior canals. It could not be made to pay one per cent per annum on their cost. Indeed, it is doubtful whether they would pay the expenses of maintenance. The railroads can transport freight from the Red River Valley to the head of Lake Superior and to the Twin Cities of Minnesota at cheaper rates than it could be transported by any system of canals, even if no interest on the cost of the canals be taken into account. The days of water navigation have pretty much gone by save on the main arteries of commerce, such as the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River.

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It is hardly probable that due credit will ever be given the railways centering in St. Paul for the great work which they have done and are still doing in settling, populating and enriching the immense Northwest. All unaided, they have tolled year in and year out to bring new people into States that have more land than they have cultivators. The foreigner who lands in New York may not seek the rich fields of our Northwestern country, but so long as the railways can induce the farmers of the older Eastern and Middle States to "come West," the tide of emigration does not cease. Were our Western States to rely solely on the natural immigration from foreign countries, the settlement of their lands would be slow indeed. It can easily be shown that the new settlers that have been secured from the older States and from other lands by the efforts of our enterprising railway companies, far outnumber and outclass those that have come from all other sources. The Northern Pacific is now arranging to bring nearly 2,000 immigrants to Central Minnesota, besides forty families of Mennonites from Kansas and a party of 200 Amish brethren from Ohio. Other large bodies of new settlers are about to be taken to North Dakota by the Great Northern Company, thus showing that these great railway channels of migration are open early and late, and that through them a never-ending stream of desirable settlers is pouring upon the waiting soil of the welcoming Northwest.

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J. J. HILL has gone to Europe. Every time this distinguished railway magnate goes to New York, and also when he makes his regular annual trip abroad, the air is full of rumors

here in the Northwest that he is about to get possession of the Northern Pacific Railway. The Northern Pacific Railway is thoroughly tied up in a voting trust, which cannot be broken for five years, and it is absolutely impossible for anyone to get possession of it legally. Furthermore, Mr. Hill, like other railway managers in these times of poor business and bad earnings, has his hands full with the affairs of his own great system. It is quite possible that he designs acquiring the Duluth, Superior and Western road, as currently reported in the newspapers. That road is the old Duluth & Winnipeg under a new name, and it has been hanging in the air for many years, with a terminus practically nowhere in the great wilderness of Northern Minnesota. By building a short connection from Fosston eastward, Mr. Hill can reach the western end of that road, and thus provide for his own system a very direct line from the lower Red River Valley to the head of Lake Superior. That he has had this in view for a long time, most railroad men have believed. He now has to haul the wheat from the lower valley by a circuitous route which deflects as far south as St. Cloud and involves nearly one hundred miles of haul more than would be necessary if he should come into possession of the Duluth, Superior & Western road and unite it with his own system. As to the Northern Pacific, it is in very strong hands now. Its owners have great confidence in its future earnings when the present time of depression is over, and are not looking about for any man or syndicate to take it off their hands. These owners include some of the strongest financial concerns in Europe and America.

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THERE are some signs cropping out in the public press here in Minnesota which indicate that the anti-spitting fad, which has been running in New York and other Eastern cities and has about exhausted itself there, is ready to break out here in the Northwest. Editorials appear here and there about the disgusting and dangerous habit of spitting in public places. In New York City there is an ordinance prohibiting, under penalty of a fine, spitting in street-cars or omnibuses, and a similar ordinance has been adopted in Chicago. The next thing that the faddist will want, will be to put a man in jail for spitting in the public streets. Now, poor human nature is subject to physical infirmities. Among them are catarrhal and bronchial diseases. When a man suffers from these complaints, he must spit somewhere. He cannot very well carry a portable cuspidor with him. He might expectorate in his handkerchief, it is true, but the chances are he would want to use his handkerchief, a few minutes after, to wipe the perspiration from his brow or to brush the dust from some part of his clothes. It would be inconvenient to carry a number of extra handkerchiefs; to say nothing of the laundry-bills that would result. It may be that expectoration carries with it germs of consumption, diphtheria, influenza and other diseases, but would it be any better for a man to keep these germs in his pocket, wrapped up in linen, ready to be disseminated in his home-circle or in the family of the poor laundress? Unquestionably, the best place for such germs is out of doors—where they are disinfected by contact with mother earth and with the pure air. It is all well enough to prohibit men from filling their mouths with tobacco and ejecting the saliva over everything around them, but to insist that a man shall swallow the phlegm of catarrh or of bronchial diseases, or to deposit it in a handkerchief, is carrying the proposed reform altogether too far. English travelers in America, beginning with Dickens, used to make

a great deal of fun of the universal American spittoon; but, after all, in a coughing, hacking, spitting climate, it is a good thing to have around the house. The anti-spitting crusade appears to be one of those fads that are taken up when the public mind is not very strongly interested in any particular direction. I have lived long enough to see a good many of these fads rise and disappear. I remember when a great many worthy people thought it a positive injury to eat salt. I remember, also, when the sure road to health and long life was believed to be in eating bran bread. The best way to get rid of the spitting habit is to cure the complaints that cause it. Let doctors turn their attention in this direction, instead of organizing to have signs put up in public places warning people not to spit.

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IN a letter from Townsend, Mont., under date of February 20, and addressed to the editor of *The Park Region* at Frazee, Minn., the writer says: "I have for some time been trying to find a paper published somewhere in the Park Region. I saw in the February *NORTHWEST MAGAZINE*, a notice of such publication. If there is such a paper, please send a sample copy to the above address. My intention is to buy land this coming summer somewhere in the Park Region near a good, live, growing town, and I would like very much to obtain some descriptive matter of that country, and also to subscribe for a paper printed in that section." This would not be worthy of notice, perhaps, were it not for the fact that it illustrates a distinguishing characteristic of this magazine—one which it does not always receive credit for. For fifteen years these columns have contributed to the general well-being of the Northwestern country. Every issue epitomizes Northwestern development and reflects every phase of Northwestern progress—whether it be in material lines or in the more refined pursuit of intellectual culture. Aside from the regular contributors of special news matter, are the hundreds of exchanges whose pages are scanned closely from week to week in search of interesting examples of Northwestern life and of the brightest humor and most noteworthy enterprises. Carefully selected and well-edited, this matter, always credited with due care to the proper paper, town, and State, is placed monthly before nearly thirty thousand subscribers. These readers reside principally in the Northwest, but a large number of them are residents of the Middle and Eastern States. Our exchange table is visited regularly by the leading publications of Eastern cities as well as by those which lie west of the Father of Waters. That the magazine is read closely and eagerly by these exchanges is evidenced by the fact that the Eastern papers not infrequently contain whole columns of matter taken bodily from *THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE*, the Western press being scarcely less appreciative. In the magazine departments called "Settlement and Enterprise," "Western Life," and "Western Humor," is a collection of entertaining matter that is copied hungrily everywhere. The original writers thereof, and the papers in which it was printed, may not be known outside of their respective States, but through this magazine they, their work and their localities are advertised broadcast. And they receive all credit. The magazine, from which these articles are taken, is never mentioned. It may help to create fame for others, but in this particular respect it adds not one whit to its own reputation. It may attract immigration, sell lands and locate industrial enterprises, yet its own reward is slow and must consist chiefly if not wholly in adding an occasional name to its list of subscribers.

TRIUMPHS OF MEDICAL AND SURGICAL SCIENCE OVER DISEASE.

It is a good sign when the members of the medical fraternity manifest a disposition to do a bit of studying for themselves, instead of relying wholly on antiquated practices that are as liable to hurt as they are to benefit. The close of the century is being marked by distinct advances on the part of medical and surgical science. Maladies that were once pronounced incurable are now treated successfully. Hope greets the despairing on every hand. To thousands of suffering mortals the new methods of treatment alluded to mean added years of usefulness and greater joy of life. No cure-all has been discovered, and none ever will be; but relief has been found for a large number of diseases, and it is reasonable to suppose that other cures will follow in the footsteps of continued researches.

In connection with all these departures from old ideas, is the significant fact that they were nearly all made, in the first place, by medical and surgical specialists. The general practitioner has scored few advances; it is in the school of the specialist that the greatest reforms have been taught. The specialist is the discoverer. He is the man who follows the course of a single disease; studies it from its beginning to its end; refuses to be baffled, and who, when he does triumph, confers a lasting benefit on all mankind.

Reflections of this nature will flit through a man's brain when he learns of the wonderful cures that are being wrought almost daily by Dr. Hunt, the St. Paul specialist whose offices are in the Pioneer Press Building. The doctor's specialties are catarrh and all diseases of the nose, throat and ear. It is about twenty years ago since Dr. Meyer of Copenhagen, Denmark, made the discovery that a large percentage of children have a growth back of the nasal passage which obstructs breathing. He learned that the only cure for this trouble and the diseases it entailed, was to remove the growth—which, if permitted to remain, presses on the little tubes that run up to the middle ear from the back part of the nose, and occasions deafness, stupidity, and other serious ailments.

Very few physicians and surgeons know the specific nature of this treatment, and still fewer are qualified to practice it. It requires expert knowledge which can come only from long study of and perfect familiarity with the maladies in question; it calls for a firmness of nerve and a delicacy and accuracy of manipulation which not one surgeon in a thousand possesses. But Dr. Hunt seems born for this very work. In nasal surgery and in all throat and ear complaints, he has achieved remarkable success. Mouth-breathing in children, and all the resultant evils thereof, are cured by him permanently and at slight expense.

This "mouth-breathing" habit, by the way, is very prevalent—among children especially, and it is one of the most injurious habits known. Yet it can scarcely be called a habit, since it is occasioned by certain nasal obstructions—which must be removed before a cure can be effected. Annoying, and oftentimes humiliating, results follow this disease if it be not cured in its early stages. As a rule, such

children are stupid, always backward in their studies, and lacking in mental brightness and physical vigor. Their bodies are poorly developed, their chests are narrow, and they are subject to bronchial affections.

But the worst feature of mouth-breathing is the deafness which is almost sure to result. It may at first be intermittent—last a few days and then disappear, but continued neglect will probably end in permanent deafness. To send a child out into the world thus handicapped, when the expenditure of a few dollars would have given him good hearing, is to impose upon him the most cruel of all physical infirmities save one—blindness.

Dr. Hunt treats and cures this wretched habit and all its attendant ills. The treatment is neither painful nor of long duration. Children are brought to his office and he examines

become pinched and pointed. As they do not use the nose for breathing, it follows that they pay the penalty for thus violating nature's code.

Dr. Hunt has spent years in the study of diseases peculiar to the nose, throat, ear and respiratory organs. He is a trained specialist. What he knows, he knows well. He has had scores of patients—scores of children for the treatment of diseases named herein, and in not a single instance has he failed to effect a complete cure. He has the skill which comes of study and a long and successful practice, and he also has the costly and delicate instruments that must be used. And all this skill is available—not to the rich only, but to people of moderate means, as well. For the doctor's charges are within the reach of everyone. Most specialists ask large fees; Dr. Hunt is satisfied with small fees. He thus increases the number

of his patients, has all the more practice, adds to his skill and experience, and at the same time makes money. So perfect is his method of treatment for all catarrhal troubles, that patients are cured quickly. There is no tedious waiting upon the slow and oftentimes impotent action of so-called medicines. All mouth-breathing children have catarrhal affections. Mouth-breathing begets certain nasal obstructions, and Dr. Hunt's painless operation is necessary before a cure can be wrought and deafness and all the other evils be eradicated. Most doctors would treat these children for catarrh, but Dr. Hunt removes the growths which appear in the back part of the nose and thus cause mouth-breathing and all consequent irregularities of the hearing and respiratory organs.

Another weakness among children, many of whom are thus afflicted, are urinary emissions during the night, while abed and asleep. This weakness is mortifying to child and parents alike, and the latter will be glad to know that it can be cured quickly and permanently. Dr. Hunt has never failed to treat this complaint successfully.

The doctor's office has been in the Pioneer Press Building for the past five years, and there he has healed the infirmities of many a child and brought gladness into the heart of many a parent. He does not claim to cure everything; he only claims



THE PIONEER PRESS BUILDING, CORNER FOURTH AND ROBERT STS., ST. PAUL.

their condition carefully. Consultation is free. Scores of anxious parents who come to him in the full belief that their children are beyond relief, go away with the firm assurance that their little ones can be cured permanently. The doctor holds out false hope to no one; this practice is condemned by him; if he cannot effect a cure, he says so plainly and thus saves his patrons much expense and trouble. But in the great majority of cases a cure is certain. It often happens that a child is brought to the doctor whose hearing is painfully defective and who, on account of mouth-breathing, is afflicted with unnatural growths or impediments which render the distinct utterance of words impossible. He will say "cobbod" instead of "common," for instance, showing that his powers of articulation are impaired. Other children are compelled to use a handkerchief continually, while some cannot blow the nose. All mouth-breathers are snorers. They cough and choke, cannot rest naturally, and their features often

the possible. He makes free examinations, and if anyone asks, "Can my child be cured?" the answer is either a prompt "Yes" or "No." Out of one hundred and eleven cases that have been treated and cured by him, however, a single imperfect and unsatisfactory result is yet to be found. This is a wonderful record—one that should commend itself to every father and mother. These affections of the nose, throat and ear are very common among children. It endangers their present well-being and their hopes of future success and happiness. If permitted to run on and on, they become chronic and, perhaps, incurable. It does not take long for a disease to take so complete possession of the human system that it cannot be driven forth. As Dr. Hunt's cure of these diseases is accomplished quickly, without pain, and at a cost which all parents can afford, the great publicity given his method will doubtless arouse increased interest in the special child ailments spoken of in this article.

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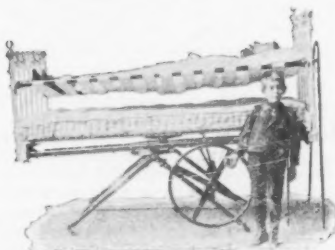
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THE FLOWERS OF EASTER.

The sacred memories that cluster about the observance of the Easter season have led to many beautiful customs—among which, perhaps, the flower custom is not the least notable or interesting. August S. Swanson, the florist, whose down-town headquarters are in the Endicott Arcade, says that it is during this period that hundreds of persons come to him for flowers who seldom visit a florist at any other time of year. It is quite certain that they make purchases when they do come, however, for Mr. Swanson's collection of Easter lilies, azaleas, rhododendrons, etc., is positively unrivaled. He knows just what the people like, and his extensive resources enable him to gratify every individual preference. In addition to the cut-flowers, plants, and the several varieties of ornamental vines, seen at his greenhouses and at the Arcade, are the many lovely floral designs which are created by him for special occasions. These designs are especially appropriate for churches, during Easter service, and very many find their way into elegant homes, both in and out of St. Paul. Easter is in very truth a season of buds and blossoms, and one finds these buds and blossoms at Swanson's.

Amusements.

Manager Jacob Litt seems to be determined to give the patrons of his theaters in the Twin Cities a chance to pass upon several new productions this spring. In April, he will present for the first time on any stage another new play which he has bought, entitled "The Showman's Daughter." It will be a big spectacular production, presented by a strong company, headed by Frank Losee and Marion Elmore. The scenery and effects have all been prepared, and Mr. Litt looks for a favorable reception of it.

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The Winona General Hospital trustees have voted to raise funds for the erection of a hospital building to cost about \$30,000.

Fosston has voted \$11,000 bonds for a water-works and electric-light plant.

There are few more enterprising towns than Gaylord. Her citizens are always ready to encourage worthy industries.

St. Cloud business men are interested in a supposed gold-find near the mouth of the Platte River a short distance from Royalton.

Arlington is said to be the smallest town in the State that has an electric-light plant. It is self-sustaining. The town has a good separator creamery and a prosperous flour-mill.

Winthrop has two good hotels, two large lumber-yards, five grain elevators, excellent schools, and a splendid lot of mercantile houses. For a town of 900 people it is hard to beat.

Hutchinson claims to be the best local market for farm produce in the State. Last year's shipments aggregated 2,066 cars, valued at \$667,175. That is a pretty large surplus for one town to market.

Little Falls and Lakeside are each to have a \$20,000 school-house, Eden Valley has voted to erect a new school-building to cost \$3,500, Fergus Falls will have one worth \$7,000, Belle Plaine's will cost \$7,500, and Lake Park's will require \$6,000 and be modern in every respect.

Ada is a good town to live in. It is growing steadily. Among prospective enterprises is a large brick yard, and among building improvements must be included several brick blocks and a good hotel. With churches, well-conducted schools and progressive citizens, Ada's future prosperity is assured.

New Ulm, the county seat of Brown County, has about 5,000 population and is the third milling town in the State. It has four flour-mills, three breweries, brick-yards, foundries, a vinegar and pickle factory, and many other valuable enterprises. The "Sons of Hermann" will hold a national convention there next September.

Madison is going to have a creamery-plant worth \$3,200, and one of these days she may revel in the possession of a sugar-beet factory. The business men gave \$500 outright for the creamery. A \$10,000 hotel is among the projected improvements. Madison is the county seat of Lac Qui Parle County, one of the richest sections in Minnesota. The men out there are broad-gauged and know how to foster a town's best interests.

North Dakota.

Ellendale will have an industrial school.

Devils Lake wants a flour-mill and an electric-light plant.

The Fargo public building has been formally turned over and is described as a handsome structure.

The new military post at Bismarck will cost \$1,000,000 and accommodate twelve companies of infantry and four of cavalry.

The Grand Forks *Platdealer* says that that will be a busy city this year. A large number of new business blocks will be built, and street paving will go right on where it left off last fall.

Langdon is going to do lots of building this year. Among the improvements will be a \$4,500 brick business block and a new bank building to cost nearly \$9,000. The town has also contracted for electric lights.

Five flour-mills in Ransom County make 600 barrels of flour daily, which is shipped direct to Liverpool and other European points. These mills are located as follows: One at Lisbon, with a capacity of 225 barrels per day, one at Sheldon of 100 barrels, one at Fort Ransom of 125 barrels, one at Enderlin of 125 barrels, and a fifth, six miles southeast of Lisbon, the ca-

capacity of which is 125 barrels a day. They are equipped with modern machinery, and manufacture a very superior quality of flour.

The Jamestown *Alert* says that the Wells County commissioners have made arrangements to issue \$30,000 worth of twenty-year six-per-cent refunding bonds for the purpose of taking up all outstanding warrants and placing the county on a cash basis in the near future. The present indebtedness is about \$25,000, drawing eight per cent interest. That is a good way to reduce all county indebtedness.

The Lisbon *Free Press* says that that town "is going to hitch up her suspenders and travel about a million miles up the steep hill of progress during the year 1897." There is no reason why great progress should not be made. Lisbon is on the banks of the Sheyenne River, has nearly 1,500 inhabitants, who are noted for their culture and enterprise, and the local government has been so wisely administered that the town is not burdened with debt. There are two banks, five churches, excellent schools—and a high school that ranks among the best in the Northwest; a fine \$20,000 opera-house, five grain elevators and a flouring-mill, well-stocked mercantile houses, two good newspapers, a local and long-distance telephone line, water-works, fire department, etc. The North Dakota Soldiers' Home is there, also. Military organizations, literary societies and all the different secret orders are well represented. Though not large, Lisbon is as enterprising and energetic as most cities of three times its size, and the aim of her citizens is to keep in the front rank of progress and improvement.

South Dakota.

The State Dairy and Creamery Convention was held in De Smet on March 23, 24 and 25. It was well attended.

Edgemont now has a national bank. The capital is \$50,000 and ex-Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania is the president.

Watertown expects to have a first-class electric-light plant in the near future. It will be put in by the water-works company. A new sewage system is also contemplated.

Sugar-beets have been grown at the Brookings Agricultural College which yield twenty per cent of sugar or 400 pounds to the ton. The town is very prosperous. Two new school-buildings are among the projected improvements for 1897.

The average depth of the thirty-four artesian wells in Brule County is 1,000 feet. Over 7,000 acres are irrigated in this one county. Six or seven reservoirs will be constructed by the farmers this year, and the 320 miles of ditches will be increased largely.

During 1896 over 800 car-loads of cattle were shipped from Pierre. Large local improvements are on foot for the coming season, among them being a sanitarium and hotel in which \$150,000 will be invested. A strong company is back of this enterprise.

One of the most wide-awake towns in the State is Tripp. The creamery, which cost \$4,000, is supplied with water from an artesian well 500 feet deep. It uses the milk of 1,600 cows. During the present month four skimming stations will be built within six miles of the creamery.

The Acme Harvester Company, with headquarters in Pekin, Ill., will soon remove its offices from Minneapolis to Huron, S. D., making that city a distributing point for North Dakota, South Dakota and Minnesota. In fact, Huron will be the company's headquarters for the Northwest.

Hutchinson County has 300 artesian wells. They cost \$200 to \$500 each, and the flow of water is 2,000 to 3,000 gallons per hour. The new creamery to be built here will have capacity for 1,200 cows. Parkston is to have a new creamery capable of using the milk of 1,500 cows. The present creamery has 800 cows.

Pennsylvania capitalists are going to erect a large smelter at Belle Fourche. Since the big fire of 1895, this town has expended \$125,000 in improvements. Many new stores and houses will be built this season, and there will be important extensions to surrounding cattle interests. It is a great stock-shipping point.

Montana.

Butte is figuring on a \$20,000 gymnasium building.

The Acetylene Gas Company will erect a \$100,000 carbide factory at Horr next summer.

There is now a reasonable certainty that Livingston's Board of Trade has secured the early construction of a flour-mill. The town needs one and has worked hard to get it.

On the last day of June, Montana, with other Northwestern States, will receive from the secretary of the Interior twenty-two thousand dollars, proceeds of the sales of public lands for the benefit of agricultural colleges and educational institutions devoted to the mechanic arts.

The Quigley *Record* says: "Quigley has followed the advice given the man that fell into the water, 'If you're over your head, swim out.' We've swum, and Quigley is becoming herself again."

It is reported that A. Murray, of Butte, and the N. P. Railway will erect a \$100,000 hotel building at Springdale. Water will be piped two miles from the hot springs and large baths will be constructed.

The Hamilton *Times* says that no town in Montana has a brighter future than Hamilton. The big mill-plant will be run at its full capacity, there will be more building than in 1896, and there is every promise of prosperity in the surrounding fruit and agricultural regions and in the great mineral districts lying south.

The spirit of push and enterprise for which White Sulphur Springs has long been noted and which has lain rather dormant since the panic of 1893, promises to awake to its former buoyancy the coming summer. The town will put in a \$30,000 water-plant, and her people will begin to build new homes, improve and beautify their premises, and things begin to assume their old-time activity.—*White Sulphur Springs Husbandman*.

Idaho.

The first twenty-two miles of the railroad from Nampa to Owyhee has been completed and is said to be the best road in the State. One hundred men are engaged in building the great railroad bridge across Snake River, which will be completed about the first of May. The road is designed to give an outlet for the mines in the country through which it passes, and especially to Silver City, Owyhee, Dewey, and other important camps.—*Moscow Mirror*.

There is not much said about the Cœur d'Alenes District, but the mines there are steady producers and it is said that the owners of property there will this year realize more than they ever did before, in spite of the fact that its products—silver and lead—are both a drug on the market. An Idaho paper says: "If any one thinks that mining stocks in the Cœur d'Alenes are worthless, let him try to buy stock in the Tiger-Poorman, Standard, Mammoth, Helena-Frisco, Bunker Hill and Sullivan, or any other of the leading producers of the camp, and he will find that this stock is not for sale; and it would be little exaggeration to say that in some cases money will not buy them."

The Lewiston *Teller* publishes reported discoveries of a very rich free-gold ledge near the mouth of the Whitebird, in the Salmon River District. "In many places," it says, "the ledge is forty feet wide and fairly bristles with free gold. It has been traced for several miles on both sides of the Salmon, and is well defined with walls and all the make-up of a true fissure vein. Every sample that has been mortared shows a good prospect of gold. In fact, it seems incredible that such wealth, so easy of access, should lie right at our doors. C. B. Wood, an old miner, estimates that the wealth of this one ledge is equal to all of Cripple Creek. The conditions are such that there can no longer be a doubt of its value, as millions of tons of rich free-milling ore are in sight. Great excitement is reported in the new camp."

Oregon.

The monthly output of the Baker City camp is placed at \$160,000 to \$170,000.

A company has been incorporated at Union for the purpose of establishing a woolen-mill at that place.

The movement inaugurated by the Commercial Club of Baker City some two years ago is already being felt by the merchants of that community. Several thousand dollars have already been expended in public improvements, all of which has been raised by popular subscription by the people of the city and county.

At the Bourne camp everything is moving along nicely. The E. & E. and North Pole mines are making a grand showing, and other mines in that vicinity are developing with most satisfactory results. The Columbia Mining Company across the divide on Fruit Creek is meeting with great success, and with the contemplated mill improvements will make the Columbia one of the big producers of Baker County. The Ohio and Climax mines are also making good showings. The camp is taking on brisk activity and the population is increasing rapidly. Several new business houses have been located there.

Washington.

A rice-mill has been established in Seattle.

A fine brick block, to cost \$14,000, is talked of for Wilbur.

The broom-handle factory at Avon is running on full time.

Last year the Skookum box factory of Seattle made 314,342 boxes of all kinds.

It is expected that the south half of the Colville Reservation will be opened for mineral locations on July 1.

The Northern Pacific railroad shops at Spokane have been completed and turned over to the company by the contractor. The work of putting in the machinery is progressing, and in a few weeks the shops will be thoroughly equipped.

The output of the Mystery and Pride of the Mount-ains mines in the Monte Cristo districts for last week was sixty-five car-loads or 1,600 tons. About 250 men are now employed in mining operations in the Monte Cristo District.

The Tacoma woolen-mill has been awarded the contract for furnishing fifty uniforms for the Soldiers' Home at Orting. The mills now employ seventy-five hands regularly, and will increase the force to 100 within a year, if its patronage warrants the same.

The National Packing Company started their can-neries up recently on the first lot of sea-crabs. This is the first time that crabs have been canned on an ex-tensive scale, and the result will be watched with much interest, says the Port Angeles Times-Tribune.

There are indications of a great revival in building operations in Spokane this year. The *Spokesman-Re-view* says that more building will be done than for the past six years. Several large blocks are now contracted for. It may not be a boom year, but it does promise to be a busy and a prosperous one for this live city.

T. I. Blythe, of Moses Lake, is said to be the cattle king of Washington. He controls 40,000 acres of land and owns 4,000 head of cattle, a good percentage of which are thoroughbred Herefords. In a shipment of 250 head recently made at random from his herd to Sound markets, the average weight was 1,280 pounds.

The flouring-mill in Wilbur continues to turn out about three cars of flour and feed daily, which is shipped as fast as made. A trade has been worked up in Asia, where the bulk of the produce is shipped. Mr. Lauritzen, one of the proprietors, contemplates a trip to that country the coming summer, and it is not im-probable that the capacity of the plant will be doubled upon his return.

A 40-foot ledge of quartz carrying copper, gold and silver has been discovered fifteen miles north of Pull-man. The ledge shows for 300 feet, and surface assays run from \$10 to \$23.75 gold and silver and four to ten per cent copper. It is about a mile from a railroad. The Pullman Tribune thinks it is one of the best pros-pects in the Northwest, and that great results will follow.

Canadian Northwest

The Le Roi mine has paid another \$25,000 dividend.

War Eagle Lake, about five miles west of Keewatin, is attracting the attention of prospectors.

Manitoba is putting her best foot forward this spring, and there is every evidence of a great revival of good times. New settlers are being attracted to fertile lands, towns are projecting numerous local enterprises, and the various industries of the Province have assumed a vigorous activity that is pleasing to look at.

The Sandon District in the Kootenai Country is showing up well. Within a few miles of Sandon are forty-seven mines that are now shipping ore. The Reco mine recently declared a dividend of \$100,000. A big boom is looked for this summer—nearly 100,000 new-comers being expected in that portion of British Columbia.

The directors of the Idaho Mining & Milling Com-pany decided at a recent meeting to declare a divi-dend of \$20,000, and the same has been paid. This makes five dividends of the same amount made in the past five months. The mine is said to be in condition to pay regular dividends of at least \$20,000 per month. It is one of the best known properties in the Siocan Country.

The route of the projected Ontario and Rainy River Railway takes it right along the Seine River gold-

range. It will tap the Moss township and Sheban-dowan gold-fields, pass directly through the iron de-posits of the Finmark region, and be as helpful to the development of these mineral-bearing districts as the Crow's-Nest Pass Railway will be to the Kootenai.—*Rat Portage Record*.

The Rossland Miner says that eleven free-milling gold claims in the Nelson District have been bonded to a New York man for \$110,000. The claims are on the headwaters of Forty-nine Creek, twelve miles from Nelson and about six miles from the well-known Poor-man mine. The assays are high. There is capital be-hind the venture, and mills will be erected as fast as results justify. It is one of the most important deals yet made in the West Kootenai.

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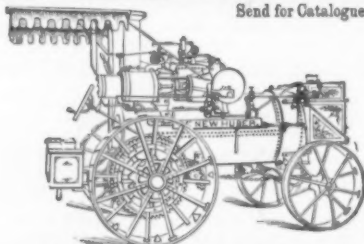
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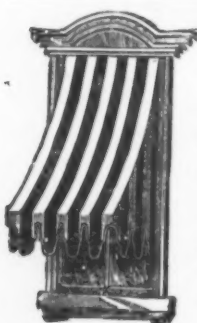
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TAMING WILD DEER.—Prospectors living in the vicinity of Pass Creek, in Washington, have adopted the plan of feeding deer by felling moss-covered trees upon the trails. The animals, in consequence, are extremely tame and larders are replenished at short notice. It is cruel, perhaps, but very convenient.

AN ELEPHANT IN IDAHO.—The tusk and other sections of the skeleton of an elephant or other antediluvian monster were unearthed near Lewiston, Idaho, the other day. The tusk measured ten feet in circumference and seems to have been eight or nine feet long. The tusk is probably part of a mastodon. Many similar finds have been made on Snake River in this part of the State.—*Pocatello (Id.) Tribune.*

SHARKS AT SEATTLE.—A man-eating shark eight feet long was taken by some fisherman in the bay at Seattle, Wash., the other day. That is the local and popular name for them as distinguished from the mud-shark variety. Few men were ever known to have been eaten by these sharks in these waters, although, when it comes to dead men lying at the bottom of the sea, the sharks may be able to tell another story.—*Seattle Times.*

OREGON'S WILD LETTUCE.—The wild lettuce so common throughout Oregon is in one respect a most curious and interesting plant. Professor Hedrick, of the State Agricultural College, says that instead of its leaves being horizontal to the earth they are vertical and at right angles to the customary position. But even more strange is the fact that the leaves always present their edges north and south, making the plant a most perfect compass. Only one or two other species of plants have this peculiarity, but none in so marked a degree.

A TOMAHAWK FOR THE PRESIDENT.—David Monaster, an old resident of Portland, Oregon, has made a novel tomahawk and forwarded it to President McKinley. The instrument is the regulation weapon and combines the emblems of peace and war. The blade is made of steel, ground down to a razor-edge and to be used in war, and the head is hollowed into a bowl in which to smoke the fragrant killikinnick in piping times of peace. The stem is made of Oregon maple, the mouth-piece of the horn of the Oregon steer, and the whole is capped and mounted with Oregon silver.

A WONDERFUL SOUTH DAKOTA CAVE.—The city engineer of Hot Springs, a little mineral-spring resort in the Black Hills, S. D., has completed an extensive survey of Wind Cave, the great underground world situated twelve miles from the Springs. He was engaged seven days in the work. As a result of his investigations a map of the interior of the cave will be printed, thus giving cave explorers an exact knowledge of their whereabouts. Another object of the survey was to discover an exit, so that the necessity of retraveling the same ground to the entry would be avoided. An excellent place for an exit was discovered, only a little blasting being necessary to find open air. Wind Cave already has ninety-seven miles of explored passages, and bids fair to become a great natural curiosity.

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LEFT THEM WONDERING.

Speaking of hold-ups by highwaymen, says the Butte (Mont.) *Inter-Mountain*, calls to mind the experience two street agents had with Doctor Johnson, of this city. One night several years ago the doctor, who, by the way, is quite well supplied with flesh, was walking peaceably along one of Butte's quiet streets, when two footpads stepped out of a dark spot at the side and, with drawn guns of average dimensions, commanded him to throw up his hands. The doctor was not surprised; he did not even check his speed, but with an amusing, pleasant smile, he said to the two men:

"Go way! Go way! Can't you see that I'm engaged?" and walked right ahead, leaving the two desperadoes wondering what kind of a man they had struck.

A CAMPAIGN ANECDOTE.

One of our correspondents who happened to be in Madison, Minn., recently, sends in the following campaign incident of 1882 under the guaranty that it never before found its way into public print.

While making his campaign in Le Sueur County, Minnesota, Judge Farmer, the Republican candidate for judge of probate, was entertaining some of his friends one evening in a store; and as he was noted for making remarks that his political opponents could use to his discomfort, some fun was looked for. During the evening, an ignorant man of the opposing party came in with a chip on his shoulder, figuratively speaking, and sat on the counter listening and waiting to catch some word that he could use to the judge's discredit. As fortune would have it, the conversation was not confined to political subjects, but drifted on



CUPID'S APRIL-FOOL.

to the many peculiar and mysterious matters pertaining to the world and the laws governing it.

Happening to speak of the spherical shape of the earth, the judge was promptly interrupted by the ignorant representative of the enemy, who jumped from the counter excitedly and, bringing his fist down with full force, pronounced the statement "a d-d Republican lie!"

BILL NYE ON BUZZ-SAWS.

Owing to having been brought up in Wisconsin, where you can scarcely find a town that does not boast of at least one saw-mill, of greater or less pretensions, Bill Nye was familiar with them. One of the stories that he used to tell when on the platform with James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, was about saw-mills and buzz-saws and ran about as follows:

"Northern Wisconsin is where they yank a big wet log into a mill and turn it into cash as quick as a railroad man can draw his salary out of the pay-car. The log is held on a carriage by means of iron dogs, while it is being worked into lumber. These dogs are not like those we see on the front steps of a brown-stone front occasionally; they are another breed of dogs.

"The managing editor of the mill lays out the log in his mind and works it into dimension stuff, shingles, bolts, slabs, edgings, two-by-fours, two-by-eights, etc., so as to use the goods to the best advantage. At one of these mills, not long ago, a man backed up to get away from the carriage and thoughtlessly backed against a large saw that was revolving at the rate of two hundred times a minute. The saw took a large chew of tobacco from the plug he had in his pistol-pocket, and then began on him. They gathered him out of the sawdust and put him into a nah-keg and carried him away, but he did not speak again. Life

was extinct. Whether it was the nervous shock or the concussion of the cold saw against his liver that killed him, no one ever knew. We should never lean on the buzz-saw when it moveth itself aught."—*Mississippi Valley Lumberman, Minneapolis.*

THE SENATOR PROMISED.

An unknown Western paper says that Senator Wilson of Washington and his brother, Harry Wilson, look very much alike. One day in Spokane, where the two brothers live, Senator Wilson, who had just returned from his legislative duties, was stopped on the street by a man who had known him for many years.

"Harry," said the man, "when will your brother John be here?"

"In a day or two," said John, without a smile.

"Tell him I want to see him on an important matter."

"Certainly," said John.

"Now, you will not forget it?"

"I'll try not," promised John; and thus another office-seeker was foiled.

HE WASN'T IN IT.

It is a fine thing to have a little joke occasionally, even if it is on yourself. Attorney Cowan was in Helena, last week, and, while at the hotel, he happened to meet an old friend from Missoula County, who, after the usual salutations, said:

"You are the county attorney in Boulder, are you not?"

"No," said Mr. Cowan.

"Well, I am surprised," said the friend. "I certainly had thought of you in connection with that office. You ran for county attorney, didn't you?"

"No," said Mr. Cowan.

"Why, I thought you did," said the old acquaintance; "I thought I read about it."

"Well, it was this way," said Mr. Cowan, "the other fellow ran; I walked!"—*Boulder (Mont.) Age.*

THE COLONEL'S AUTOHARP.

When Col. O. P. Chisholm, of Bozeman, came over to Helena to attend the inaugural ball, he brought with him a pasteboard box. He carried this box lovingly under his arm, and the Gallatin contingent marveled considerably over its contents. Finally some one asked A. K. Yerkes.

"Why, don't you know what that is?" replied the solemn "Bourdough" humorist. "That's an autoharp, one of those musical instruments. Chisholm always takes it along with him when he travels. You stay in this car awhile and you'll hear some of the sweetest music you ever listened to. Tell all the boys to come in."

The farmer did as he was told, and soon the colonel was surrounded by admiring friends. It was a long, wearisome wait. At last a voice said:

"See here, colonel, won't you play us a tune?"

"Play you a tune? Why, man, what are you talking about; I can't even whistle."

"Well, what have you got your music thingmebob along for?" pointing to the pasteboard box.

"Music!" yelled the colonel. "Well! wouldn't that cork you? Why, dang it, that's my dress suit, and I haven't taken it from the box in which the tailor sent it to me!"—*Helena (Mont.) Independent.*

WHY THEY GREW SARCASTIC.

The Old Times' Club was in regular session recently at Judge Fitzpatrick's little back room. The discussion turned, as it often does, upon the weather, thence to thermometers, whereupon Horace Edwards, of Gallatin Valley, told the following incident:

"When Ft. Ellis was first opened as a post the army officers wanted a thermometer, which had been overlooked in their supplies. So they wrote that winter to some friends in the East to send them one, that they might know how cold it got out in Montana. They ordered the best that could be had, so as to get one that would be accurate. After much waiting the article came—a beautiful thermometer, elegantly mounted and graded to a hair-line; but, strange to say, the lowest mark was only fifteen degrees below zero, which, in those winters, was considered warm weather. Thoroughly disgusted, they shipped the instrument back to their friends, with the following sarcastic note attached:

"We did not want a summer thermometer. Please send us one for winter."—*Anaconda (Mont.) Standard.*

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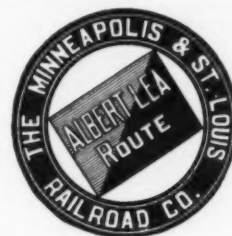


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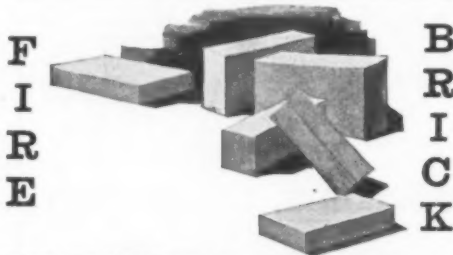
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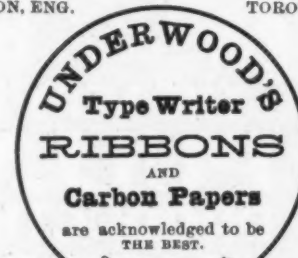
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BARNEY WAS CUTE.

Sandy Montgomery is a tall, colored gentleman. He hates to hear bad language, and knocked down Stanton Barney, also colored, for addressing him with a long, dangerous oath. As a result, Sandy was up in the municipal court, recently, on a charge of assault and battery. He was sworn, and the complaint, which said that he had "beaten, struck, stamped on and assaulted the plaintiff," was read to him.

"I was a-goin' t' plead guilty of dat yere charge, but I won' wif all dat stuff about beaten and stampin' on Barney. I only smashed him on de jaw oncet."

"Well, but that is only the way the law puts it," explained the prosecuting attorney. "Barney didn't say that."

"Well, de law's full o' wind," retorted Sandy: "dat's wha' de law is. Yo' can't reach it wif a ladda."

The case then proceeded and Stanton Barney was put on the stand.

"Me an' dis yere defenunt was a-livin' togeder, chudge, and he allus made me pay de room-rent, 'ca'se he never had no money. De day of de fight I goes to where I was wukin'. Dat yer fellow was dere, an' I says to him:

"'Yo' owe me a dolla, an' I wants yo' to pay it.' He calls me a black nigger liar—dat's what he says, chudge, an' den he knocks me down wid a soak in de weeper. He dun blooded me, chudge, dat's what he did, sho' an' sartin'."

"Yo' a liar! yo' are," howled Sandy. "Yo' a liar!"

"I'm a cripple, chudge," Barney went on, "an' dat yere fellow oncet jumped on me, sah, when we was in bed. He knocked me down hard, too, chudge, dat's what he did."

"Fust man I eva' knocked down," interrupted Sandy deprecatingly, "an' he was de easiest mark I ever soaked. I on'y hit him oncet."

Barney then stepped down from the stand and Sandy gave his version of the affair, in which he figured in an entirely different light. Sandy said he knocked Barney down because the latter had called him a vile name and was in the act of hitting him with a heavy cane.

"I got a witnus hyar to 'stanshate ma tes'-mony, too," triumphantly declared Sandy. "His name's Andy Green, an' he done saw de'whole of dat little trouble."

"Call Andy Green," announced the court.

"He ain't hyar," announced a familiar voice from the crowd, and, turning, the court observed Barney, whose ebony features were lighted up by a broad Ethiopian grin.

"He was done dar a minut ago," said Sandy, in a woe-begone voice.

"Dat's true, chudge, he was," affirmed Barney; "but I done send him back to de barba shop whar I wuk, dat's what I did," and Barney struck an attitude of the-world-is-mine variety and looked around majestically as if waiting for his statement to percolate fully.

"Well, Sandy," remarked the court, "as the complaining witness has seen fit to get rid of your witness, I will make your sentence light. Threedollars and costs. Next!"—*Spokane Spokesman Review.*

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



Party at the door—"Is the lady of the house in?"
Cook—"I'm wan of thim, sor."

Some people's idea ob beln religious iz to eat cold dinners on Sunday.—*Thomas Cat.*

Dar ah times in a man's life when nuffin' but a look at de elephant or tigah will satisfy him.—*Thomas Cat.*

Heredity—"What does your mother say when you tell her those dreadful lies?"
"She says I take after father."

Teacher—"Now, what do you call the scientist who spends all his time collecting eggs?"
Tommy Traddles (promptly)—"An egotist."

He—"You must not take me too seriously, Miss Pertly."
She—"There's no danger. I have no idea of taking you at all."

Papa—"I am surprised that you are at the foot of your class, Tommy. Why aren't you at the head sometimes, like little Willie Bigbee?"
Tommy—"You see, papa, Willie's got an awfully smart father, and I guess he takes after him."



FROM THE GERMAN.

The Middle One—"Yes, boys; according to my uncle's will, I am to marry one of those sisters." . . . (Then, in an undertone) "If I only knew which one is the handsomest!"

Rivers—"My doctor advises me to drink lime-water."
Brooks—"I should consider that dangerous."
"Why?"
"Lime kilns."

Casey—"What made Mulligan fall off de ladder? Did his fut shlip?"
Reilly—"It did not. An hour ago Oi told him a joke, an' he's just now seen it."

Teacher—"Tommy, what would you call a superior animal?"
Tommy—"I should say that the giraffe was one, 'cos he can look down on all the others."

Miss Prion (quoting)—"Wise men make proverbs and fools repeat them."
Miss Smart (musingly)—"Yes; I wonder what wise man made the one you just repeated."

"I am told," remarked the ordinary mortal, "that you own the earth."
"Well," replied the plumber, with becoming humility, "for humility is becoming to anybody, however great, I have laid my pipes for it."

Bobby had been studying his dear old grandfather's wrinkled face for a long time.
"Well, Bob," said the old gentleman, "do you like my face?"
Yes, Grandpa," said Bobbie; "it's an awfully nice face, but why don't you have it ironed?"

"The use of electricity," said Bilkins, doesn't seem to be such a modern idea, after all."
"How is that?" asked Wilkins.
"Well, you see, Noah must have used the ark light."

"I understand, Grumpy, that your wife was shut up in a folding-bed."
"Shut up?" Nothing on earth can shut that woman up! She yelled till the policeman on the next beat heard her."

Wife (from window)—"John Henry Caddies, are you in such a condition that you're trying to open the door with the wrong key?"
John Henry—"Key's allri, Mishes Caddies; only zhish ish wrong door fr it, zhash all."

"Everything was all right," said Wheelright, "until my wheel struck a sharp rock."
"And what did you do at this juncture?" asked Walker.
"At this juncture I stopped until I could arrange a juncture."

"Don't you love to sit in the house on a stormy night, Miss Everybody, and hear the dreamy pattering of the rain on the roof?" hisped Mr. Mush.
"Yes; indeed I do. It's so much pleasanter than to sit outside in it."

"Didn't I see you pitching pennies with that little Sprinkle boy?"
"Yes'm."
"Well, don't you do it again. Do you hear me?"
"Yes'm. I won't do it no more. He hain't got a cent left."

"Now, look here," said the old man to the daughter, who had spent some time in the East. "I guess I can manage to stand it when you call a fifty-cent piece a hof-dollar, but when you speak of a slab as a slob, and all that truck, you make me tired and I want it stopped."

The washerwoman has a hard rub to make a living nowadays.

Caller—"I am sorry that Miss Bankum is out. You won't forget to mention that I called."
Bridget—"No, indade, sor. I'll run roight up an' tell her now."

Charlie—"They tell me Van Wither is very weak since his last sickness."
De Poole—"He is. I saw him on the street just now and asked him for a five; but he couldn't stand a loan."

Mrs. Warmheart—"My good man, why do you let your children go barefoot?"
Pat O'Hoolihan—"For de raison, ma'am, dat I have in my family more feet than shoes."

Mr. Carver—"Now, fren's, who shell I gib de fust helpin' ob dis turkey?"
Mr. Cutter—"I 'lows de gentleman on mah lef' should receibe dat honah, as he wuz de las' one to leabe de henhouse, an' de doctah's statstics show dat he receibed de mos' shot."

Hearing a faint rustle in the darkened hallway below, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the balustrade and called out: "Well, Bessie, have you landed him?"

There was a deep, sepulchral silence for some moments; then there was a constrained voice that answered, sadly and regretfully, "Yes, she has."

Sell—"Jones has the grip again."
Nibble—"Is that so?"
"Yes; he joined the Masons last night."

Sportsman (to Snobson, who hasn't brought down a single bird all day)—"Do you know Mr. Bandervilt?"
Snobson—"I've often shot at his house."
Sportsman—"Ever hit it?"

Mr. Figg—"Dell, did Tommy sit still through the lecture?"
Mrs. Figg—"No, he did not, though I must admit that he made a lively effort."

Mr. Watts—"The idea of your pastor getting up at the close of the church fair and saying that he was deeply touched!"
Mrs. Watts—"Why shouldn't he say so?"
Mr. Watts—"Because he was the only man there who hadn't been; that's why!"

"If there's anythin' Oi disloike," said Mr. Dolan, "it's shuperstition."
"Who's got it?" asked his wife.
"Rofferty, the contractor. He owes me thirteen dollars, an' he's that shuperstitious he won't pay me for fear Oi'll have bad luck!"

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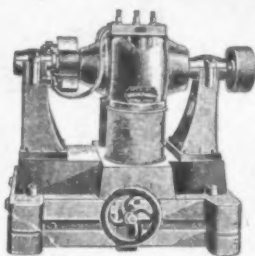
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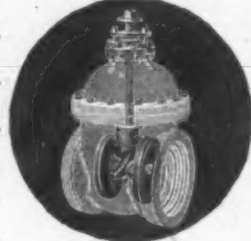
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